

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 124.—VOL. VI.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



COMING HOME.

See page 179.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

THE flags and the thick green rushes make way for the little boat; on either side they part, and through them and over them she slides, smooth and slow, to shore.

"What have you done with my cockatoo?" cries Lenore, putting one little high-heeled shoe on the prow and springing lightly to my side. "Have you mislaid him on the way, or has a lily-white duck come and gobbled him up?"

"Neither," reply I, rather morose at having been defrauded of my water-party, "he is up in the wood picking sticks; he has been gathering you a nosegay as big as a coachman's on a drawing-room day, as we came along."

"I wish I could break him of that habit," cries Lenore, petulantly; "it is a bore having to carry them, and a still greater bore having to say 'Thank you' for a great posy of dandelions and buttercups."

"Poor West!" says Le Mesurier, with a half-contemptuous laugh; "he shall give them to me; I like dandelions."

"Oh, so do I," replies Lenore, quickly. "I'm wild about flowers; they are the only things that do not deceive us—as I once overheard a girl saying to her partner at a ball."

"We had better keep in sight of the boat," I say, with my usual excellent common-sense, "or the Dinan gamins will be sure to steal it."

"Have you been here long enough," asks Lenore, addressing Mr. Le Mesurier over the top of my head, "to discover how cordially these interesting natives hate us English? Even abandoned infants of three and four throw stones and ugly words at us, only luckily one does not understand Breton Billingsgate."

"We spend a good deal of money in making ourselves hated in every quarter of the globe; it is a little way we have," replies Le Mesurier, with languid interest, as he stalks along, a martyr to circumstances, with a great stone jug in one hand and a kettle in the other.

"It is too hard upon us, poor out-at-elbows English—you must know we are all out-at-elbows here," continues Lenore—"wasting our substance in clothing these Bretons and giving them better food than their wretched *galette*, and then getting pelted for our pains."

"One always gets pelted, literally or metaphorically, when one tries to do one's neighbors good," replies Le Mesurier, misanthropically; "better leave it alone."

We have turned off from the towing-path, and into the chestnut-wood. There is no undergrowth, nor do the trees stand so close together but that there is pleasant space for walking shadily beneath them. A little way ahead of us we see a small gray smoke and little shoots of fire rising straight upward through the windless air, and beside it, Frederick on his knees, with his cheeks puffed out, like a trumpet-player or a wind-god's, blowing the flame.

"Here's devotion for you," cries Le Mesurier, laughing, and indicating Mr. West with his kettle. "Poor West! making himself into an improvised pair of bellows!"

"*Dame!* as they say here, how ugly he is!" cries Lenore, bursting into laughing.

"What base ingratitude!" says Le Mesurier, casting up his eyes theatrically to the chestnut-boughs; "a man ruins his trousers kneeling on damp grass, puts himself into a ridiculous attitude, and runs the risk of getting congestion of the lungs for you, and all you say is—what was it? did I hear aright?—'Damn! how ugly he is.'"

"I said French *Dame*, not English," retorts Lenore, still laughing; "there is a very great difference in force between the two."

"*Dame* is about equivalent to our 'Lor,'" I say, sententially, "and I should imagine nearly as vulgar."

"One can use it with a pleasant *arrière pensée* of swearing, you know," says my sister, "without the wickedness."

"I think that will do now," cries Frederick, looking up at us with bland triumph from his kneeling posture, his cheeks reddened with the exertion of inflating them, and his eyes watering from the smoke; "the sticks were rather green."

"You looked an impersonation of Zephyr, as we came along,"

answers Lenore, banteringly—"didn't he? Didn't we say so, Mr. Le Mesurier?"

"We did, all of us; there was not a dissentient voice," replies Le Mesurier, inattentively, fighting with an immense yawn, and his eyes fixed upon the stone jug.

"Will you run and fill the kettle? Frederick must make a nice flat place for it to sit upon," continues my sister; "you know" (looking up at him with a sort of sleepy coquetry from under her eyes) "that it was only on the condition that you were useful that we allowed you to come at all."

It may be my imagination, but I cannot help fancying that our new acquaintance elevates his eyebrows almost imperceptibly at this speech.

"I don't think that Mr. Le Mesurier would have broken his heart if we had not let him come," I say tartly, in irritated surprise at Lenore's want of perception. So speaking, I kneel down, and with a chafed spirit begin to unpack the basket and cut bread-and-butter. Lenore flings herself down on the grass, and lying all along among the wood-flowers, watches with a malicious smile Frederick, who has begun again to blow his flagging fire. The three English ladies on donkeys pass along the towing-path; they turn their blue-velled heads toward our little encampment, and stare. The youth, whose pleasing task it is to goad their jackasses into fitful and momentary gallops, stands stock-still, with wide hungry eyes fastened on the bread and marmalade.

"Frederick has overblown himself," says Lenore, laughing; "he has blown all his fire away.—Mima, dear, you must go and pick up some more sticks for him."

I am preparing to rise and obey with my usual tame docility, when Mr. Le Mesurier, who has just returned with his full, dripping kettle from the Rance, interposes:

"Miss Lenore—your name is Lenore, not Leonora, is not it?—may I ask you one question?"

"So as it is not how old I am, or whether my chignon is all my own hair," replies Lenore, with a sort of uneasy smartness.

"It is neither; I don't want to know either," he answers, gravely.

"What is it, then? Say on," throwing her head back a little, to be able to get a good look at him.

"Why do not you go and pick up sticks yourself, instead of sending your elder sister?"

"Elder sister!" cry I, with a mirthless laugh. "Please don't challenge respect for me on that head; I had rather be treated with contumely for evermore, than revered for such a *triste* superiority."

"I do not go myself," replies Lenore, not listening to me, but still looking steadily up at him, "because I make it a rule never to do any thing for myself that I can get any one else to do for me."

"Oh, indeed! Thanks," turning away.

"I set no manner of store by those little every-day virtues," continues Lenore, disdainfully thrusting out her red under-lip; "running on other people's errands, carrying their parcels, ordering dinner, sitting with your back to the horses—any one can do them; they are a great deal of trouble, and there is no credit to be got out of them."

"Anybody cannot sit with his back to the horses, for it makes some people sick," replies Le Mesurier, laughing.

He has thrown himself forward, full length on the ground, in one of those carelessly-graceful attitudes that the British gentleman affects; his hat is on the back of his head, and his feet are kicking about among the *catchflies* and ragged-robins.

"Now, if it were *some big thing*," continues my sister, flushing, as she, having raised herself from the grass, leans her back against a chestnut-trunk, "I could do it—I know I could; that is, if I had the chance, and if there were plenty of people to look on."

"And cry 'Hooray!' like the little boys on Guy-Fawkes day.—Would you ladies mind my smoking one cigar?"

"I could have driven in the cart to the Place de la Révolution, like Madame Roland," continues Lenore, beginning to march up and down, with her head up, and her hands behind her back; "standing up all the way, in a white gown, with little red carnations on it, and my long black hair hanging down my back; I could have smiled back at the yelling *marc-sculottes*—"

"I'm afraid you could not get guillotined nowadays if you were to be shot for it," returns he, coolly, holding his cigar suspended between his fore and middle fingers; "it is next door to impossible to get hanged."

"I could have stabbed Marat in his bath," pursues Lenore, clinching her hand upon an imaginary knife. "Yes, stabbed him as he sat there, unshorn, sick, with a dirty cloth about his head—"

"I'm afraid if you stick John Bright or the people's William in their tubs, you will only get ten years for it, commuted to two, if you make love to the chaplain," replies Le Mesurier, resolutely prosaic.

"I could have—"

"You could have hammered Sisera's temples to the floor or sawn off poor tipay Holofernes's head," interrupts Mr. Le Mesurier, rather impatiently cutting short my sister's heroics. "I know what you are going to say; perhaps you could; for my part, of all the characters known in history or fiction, I dislike those two strong-minded females about the most."

"I know exactly the kind of woman you like," says Lenore, stopping suddenly in her tramp, and looking down with contemptuous pink face on her prostrate and sprawling adversary.

"I don't well see how you can," replies he, throwing away the end of his cigar, and burying one hand in the tawny beard. "You have never seen my womankind; you have never seen me with any woman."

"I did not even know that you had any womankind," she answers, a little inquisitively.

He does not gratify her curiosity.

"What is exactly the kind of woman I like?" he asks, raising his cold, quick eyes to hers.

"Amelia in 'Vanity Fair,'" she answers, promptly, with a pretty air of triumph.

"I knew you were going to say that," he says, calmly.

"But it is true, is not it?" inquires she, eagerly.

"Not in the least; you never made a worse hit in your life."

"She was dollyshly pretty; she cried on every possible occasion; she allowed everybody who came near to bully her; she had not two ideas in her head. With all these qualifications, how could she fail to be charming?" inquires my sister, with withering sarcasm.

"I like her better than Jael," says Le Mesurier, doggedly.

"So do I," cry I, tired of keeping silence, and clattering the tea-cups.

"What is your opinion, West?" asks Le Mesurier, trying to extract the cork from the claret-jug with his fingers. "I say, is there a corkscrew anywhere about? Which is your *beau idéal* of feminine excellence—Heber the Kenite's amiable wife, or Amelia Osborne?"

"Frederick has no *beau idéal* of feminine excellence," answers Lenore for him, with an ironical smile; "he hardly knows a woman when he sees one; his bride is the Church. Let us come to tea; the steam is beginning to lift the kettle's hat off at last."

As I have before remarked, the dinner-hour at Mdlle. Leroux's pension is six o'clock; so it is at the Hôtel de la Poste; indeed, the great event of the day happens throughout Dinan at the same hour. To avoid, therefore, losing our daily portion of ragged beef, raw artichokes, and tripe (as half-past five has already come chiming through the chestnut-boughs from the town-clock), we are compelled rather to hurry up the conclusion of our *al-fresco* feast. We give the rest of our French roll-and-butter, and the remainder of our tea (which, thanks to the Rance and Frederick, has an agreeably mixed medicinal flavor of old iron, alluvial deposit, and smoke), to the donkey-boy afore-mentioned, who, careless of his fair charges, and leaving them to the wild will of their asses, has been haunting us as a young vulture haunts a battle-field. We stand on the flowered bank, prepared to disembark. The boat lies so still, so still on the windless tide, like a young child asleep in the sun; near the other bank a man, naked to the waist, is standing up to his middle in water, pulling bundles of rotten, ill-odorous flax out of the river.

"I shall take an oar going home," says Lenore, with decision. "I can row."

"Please don't," cry I, nervously; "you know you always catch crabs, and the last time that we went out boating on the Seine, at Rouen, you caught such a big one that you tumbled backward over the seat and all but upset us."

"The oars were too short," she answers, looking displeased at this allusion; "it might have happened to any one."

"One crab will be fatal to us to-day," says Le Mesurier, laconically, as he stands holding the boat's head steady for us to get in.

"If people will make boats no wider than knife-blades or paper-cutters they cannot blame me if they upset," returns she, carelessly,

giving him her hand and preparing to step in. To my surprise—I might almost say *alarm*—by the very hand she gives him he detains her.

"Miss Lenore, if you get in will you promise to sit still?"

"I never promise," she answers, lightly, leaving her hand peaceably in his. "When I was a child I never would promise to be a good girl, because I knew I never should be."

"If you will not promise, you really must not get in."

"*Must not!*" cries she, giving her head an angry toss. "Who says *must not*? *Must not* is an ugly word."

"Not so ugly as *must* in a woman's mouth," getting rather angry, too. "May I ask whose boat this is?" loftily.

"I think you said M. Panache was the name of the fellow; but I am not a good hand at French surnames."

"If it is M. Panache's boat, what right or authority have you over it, may I ask?"

"None whatever," he answers, quietly, "except possession, and that is nine points of the law."

"Did he lend it to you?"

"On the other hand, did he lend it to you?"

"Mr. Le Mesurier, I'm not joking."

"Miss Lenore, I'm not joking."

"What business can it be of yours?"

"I do not wish to see *your* sister drowned," with an invidiously-perceptible accent on the two words.

"You do not care whether I drown or not?" snatching away her hand, and flashing annihilating looks at him. They do not seem to do him much harm.

"We discussed that question *fully* before," he answers, rather bored.

"*Please* promise, like a dear child," cry I, coaxingly, from the bows, where I am seated uneasily under my yellow umbrella.

"Be rational," says Le Mesurier, looking at her gravely, yet with a suspicion of laughter about the eyes. "I promised to row your sister home; is not it only natural and Christian that I should wish to spare her the abject terror she suffered this afternoon?"

"I will not promise," says Lenore, doggedly, and breathing hard. "I will not be dictated to by a stranger. I will walk home."

So saying, she turns sharply away, and begins to walk quickly down the glaring, sun-baked towing-path.

"Mr. Le Mesurier, Mr. Le Mesurier!" cry I, jumping up, and almost bringing on the catastrophe about which we have been squabbling; "let her have her own way. She has never been thwarted in her life; we have always let her have her own will from a child!"

"For fear that she would break a blood-vessel if she had not," replies he, smiling. "She told me so as we came along.—Miss Lenore," raising his voice a little. "Miss Lenore! we throw ourselves on your mercy."

"Come back, come back," cry I, excitedly, shaking my umbrella, "you will get a sunstroke!"

But Lenore is too indignant to answer.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

THE blandness born of after-dinnerhood is upon all Dinan; everybody is as *suave* as fed lions; a child might play with them. The moon is holding her great yellow candle above the town, and ugly black night skulks away in corners. On the other side of the Place St.-Louis, the old priest is sitting at the bottom of his garden, reading his breviary by moonlight. His white house's green shutters, that have been closed all day to keep out the dust and glare, are just opened to let in the evening cool. The mysterious family in the large yellow house a little lower down, who always go out driving in a ramshackle, old, close carriage, with all the windows up, about sundown, are setting off on their nightly expedition. The immense shadows of their horses are running up the face of the Pension Jérôme; the heads and ears reach to the salon windows. Madame Lange, César, and Péroline, are out. They have gone *faire de la musique chez M. le Capitaine O'Flannigan*, a broken-down Irishman, who tells the credulous natives that he has been in the Guards, and who, with his numerous progeny, lives in the graceful retirement of an *entresol* in the Rue de St.-Malo. The Herricks are therefore in undisputed possession of the salon. The piano belongs to Madame Lange, and she mostly

looks it when she goes out. She has forgotten to do so to-day, and Frederick is committing piracies upon it. Like most little men with small, puny voices, he is fond of ferociously warlike and rollicking Bacchanalian songs, on the same principle, I suppose, which often induces a Hercules or a Samson to express in music his wish to be a butterfly—

"In his love's bosom for to lie"—

or a daisy, or a swallow. Frederick has just been giving faint utterance to heathenish *berarker* sentiments, such as that to fight all day and drink all night are the only occupations really worthy a Christian gentleman's attention; and now, leaning forward on the music-stool, and peering near-sightedly through his spectacles at the score, he is piping—

"Soho! soho! said the bold Marco!"

Mr. Le Mesurier—he is here, too; it is a few days after the tea-picnic—is leaning out of the window, smiling to himself, and whistling inaudible accompaniments to the singer. He is not gigantic enough to wish to be a butterfly, and too big to insist upon being a buccaneer. So he does not sing at all. Jemima is smiling, too, and beating time with head and foot, as she knits. Lenore is not in the room at all; she is sitting on the front-door step, rather to the disgust of Stéphanie, whose favorite seat it is, where she sits and chatters rough guttural Breton to her neighbors, in a clean, stiff-winged cap, when her hard day's work is done. Lenore is chatting to nobody; she is only staring at the moon.

"Does your sister sing?" asked Le Mesurier, turning away from the window.

"Yes; rather well—when she chooses," replies Jemima, rhythmically, still nodding time.

"Would she sing now, if one asked her?"

"Probably not; but I can but try.—Lenore! Lenore!" (going to the window and looking down). "Come in out of the damp, child; you'll catch your death of cold."

"Never did such a thing in my life, my dear."

"What are you doing?"

"Only baying at the moon, as Mademoiselle Leroux's poodle did last night."

"Come up here and sing."

"Could not think of superseding the present able performers."

"He has stopped," puts in Paul, leaning his arms on the sill, and craning his brown neck out. "He is enchanted. The bold Marco takes a great deal out of a fellow—does not he, West?"

As he speaks, he turns away again, laughing, and, so laughing, forgets the request, about which he had never been much in earnest. A quarter of an hour passes. Frederick is still singing; the billiard-balls' gentle click from the café next door mixes with his voice.

"Lenore! Lenore!" cries Jemima, rising, knitting in hand, and leaning a second time out of the wide casement—

"Onora! Onora! her mother is calling."

She sits at the lattice and hears the dew falling.

Drop after drop from the sycamores, laden

With dew as with blossom, and calls home the maiden.

Night cometh, Onora!"—

says Le Mesurier, spouting.

"Onora, alias Miss Lenore, went down the place toward the fosse five minutes ago."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"In that *demoi-toilette* gown?" (with a horrified accent).

"Was it a *demoi-toilette* gown?" asks Paul, with the crass ignorance of mankind.

"I mean without any shawl, or wrap, or cloak of any kind?"

"She went just as she was when she was sitting on the door-step."

"Let me run and bring her back!" cries West, eagerly, jumping up and snatching his hat, prepared to rush forth on his quest with devouter haste than ever Sir Galahad showed in the pursuit of the Holy Grail.

"Oh, you know she never pays the slightest attention to you," answers Jemima, a little impatiently, forgetting her politeness in agitation, "nor to me either, for the matter of that.—Mr. Le Mesurier, I think she minds you more than most people—I don't know why—would you mind trying to persuade her to come in out of the dew?"

"Delighted!" says Le Mesurier, with a ready lie, walking toward the door; "and, if fair means fail, am I to employ foul?"

Lenore is not in the fosse. The gray towers of Duchesse Anne's castle rise beside it like a faint, dark dream, black as Erebus, quiet as death; the tree-boughs spread above him; beneath them, on a black-and-silver path, he walks along—walks along slowly, enjoying his cigarette, and in no particular hurry to overtake his Holy Grail. On and on to the Place Du Guesclin, and there, a long way from him, he sees the white glimmer of a woman's dress. He walks up to the glimmer: he has found his Holy Grail.

"Your sister sent me to ask you to come in out of the dew," he says, rather stiffly, and delivering his message with the exactitude of an Homeric messenger. He has come up rather behind her; she did not perceive his approach.

"Tell my sister to mind her own business!" she cries, startled and angry.

"I suppose she thinks that you are her own business," he answers, coldly.

"At all events, I am not yours," she says, rudely, yet laughing.

Without another word, he turns to go.

"Let her catch her death of cold! No great loss if she does!" he says to himself, beginning to light a second cigarette. He has not gone three yards, when he hears a step behind him. A charming face, with little waves of moonlight rippling over it, smiles up at him.

"Why are you going?" she asks, in a low voice, as if saying something she was half ashamed of.

"I am not a spaniel, or a Frederick West."

"I was rude, I suppose" (hanging her head).

No answer.

"I often am, I fancy."

"Very often" (emphatically).

"It is my way."

"It is a very bad way."

"I do not think it is quite all my fault either," she says, almost humbly; "it is partly theirs—I mean Mima's and Frederick's, and my other sister's. When I was a child, if I said any thing rude, they only laughed, and thought it clever. I wish they had not, now."

"So do I."

"It makes people hate one a good deal," says the girl, naively. "This year we went to a ball that the Fifth Dragoon Guards gave, and several of them did not ask me to dance, because I had said things about them. I told one that he was like a pig set up on his hind-legs. So he was; but he never came near me all the evening in consequence."

"Poor fellow!" says Le Mesurier, laughing. "You could hardly blame him."

"You are not angry now—you are laughing!" cries Lenore, joyously. "Tell me"—coming confidentially close to him—"is the bold Marco still saying 'Soho'?"

"He was when I left."

"Do not let us go home, then; let us sit on this bench and talk."

So they sit on a bench with a back to it, in the deep shade cast by a double row of young lime-trees. The heavy, sweet lime-flowers sway above their heads—sway so low as almost to touch their lips and cheeks. The lights from the café and the Hôtel de la Poste opposite make little red reflections on their clothes and faces. Three Englishmen are coming back from fishing, with rod and basket in their hands—two very tall Englishmen, and a very little one. At something that the little one says, they all laugh uproariously. It seems a sin to speak above one's breath in this holy moonshine. Two Frenchmen and three women saunter by in the deep shade; it takes a little effort to count how many there are. Whether they are old or young, pretty or ugly, who but a bat can tell in this fragrant gloom?

"What are you thinking of, Miss Lenore?" asks Paul presently, peering a little inquisitively into his companion's face, as she gazes at the stars that are trembling like heavenly shining fruits between the dusk tree-boughs.

"I am thinking," she answers, a little dreamily, "of how the Rance is looking now, at this minute, down at Lehon, as it laps against those ivied steps where the monks used to bathe."

"Shall I row you down there to see?" he asks, banteringly. She springs to her feet in a moment.

"Will you? Do you mean really?" she cries, eagerly. "Ah, no!" (her voice falling with a disappointed cadence). "I see by your

eyes that you did not mean it—that you were only tantalizing me."

He feels her thin draperies wafted against his knees in the slow night-wind, as she stands before him; the breath of the lime-flowers comes passing sweet to his nostrils. It is all but dark.

"I did not mean to tantalize you," he answers, simply. "I will take you, and welcome, if you wish; only what will your sister say?"

"She will say, 'Lenore, are you mad?' She always says that. Perhaps I am mad; I sometimes think so."

"But what time of night is it, do you suppose? Is not it nearly bedtime?" he asks, taking out his watch, and trying to decipher the hour by the little crimson gleams from the café.

"Bedtime!" she cries, impatiently. "I feel as if I shall like never to go to bed again as long as I live."

"What has night to do with sleep?"

"All right, then—come along," says he, recklessly, seeing that he is in for it, and that it is not his business to find his companion in prudish scruples, which do not seem inclined to occur to her. A quarter of an hour more, and no woman's dress glimmers white from the shaded bench in the Place Du Guesclin; it is glimmering, instead, in M. Panache's little cock-boat on the broad, bright Rance. Death's lovely brother, Sleep, is ruling over every thing; even the river sleeps, and no passing breeze breaks its slumber. The moon comes up behind the chestnut-woods, and the water lies smooth as glass; while the trees, and the tremulous grasses, and the great squadrons of broad ex-eyes—yellow sun-disks with white rays round them—live again in the black depths, where the moon also lies drowned, like a pale, bright maiden. They are floating along so stilly, so stilly, on the opaline flood! The little boat hardly moves. Lenore is sitting in the stern. The red cloak Paul brought her is drooping from her shoulders; pearly lights are playing about her hair, and her grave, fair face and her wonderful eyes.

"If one were fond of her, one would be in the seventh heaven, I suppose," says Paul, cynically to himself. But even though one is not fond of her—even though one disapproves of her—even though she is not one's style—yet flesh is weak, and blood is blood; and in cool manhood, as in hot youth, blood still tingles, and pulses throb, with the seductive enervation of night, proximity, and great fairness.

"Shall I sing?" asks the girl, almost in a whisper—

"Sing! sing! what will I sing?"

The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string."

"By all means, if you like."

"What shall I sing, *really*!—English, French, German, Italian—"

"Whatever you please. The smallest contribution thankfully received."

She leans her round, white elbow on her lap for a moment or two, and her head on her hand, in reflection; then the pensive look fades out of her face, and a dare-devil smile flashes over it.

"You are a civilian, are not you?" she asks, abruptly.

"I am now. Why?"

"You cannot take my song personally, that is all. Listen; I am beginning."

This is Lenore's song, as it rings gayly out over the dumb woods and waters. Most of you, my friends, know it well enough:

"Oh que j'aime les militaires!
J'aime les militaires;
J'aime leur uniforme coquet,
Leur moustache et leur plumet.
Je sais—ce que je voudrais.
Je voudrais être cantinière.
Avec eux toujours je serais,
Et je les griserais.
Près d'eux, vaillants et légiers
Aux combats je m'enlancerais—"

She breaks off abruptly.

"Do you like it?"

"Immensely."

"That means, not at all."

"It is a song that I was always particularly fond of, and I think the line in which you express your intention of making your friends drunk peculiarly happy," he answers, ironically.

She looks down, half-ashamed.

"The ideal woman would not have sung such a song, I suppose?"

"Probably not."

"Tell me," she cries, impulsively, "is the ideal woman clothed with flesh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is she some living, breathing woman, that you have in your mind's eye?"

He hesitates a little, and also reddens—unless the moon belies him—a very little.

"Since you ask me point-blank—well, she is."

The girl turns her fair head aside, and droops it over the stream, through which she draws her hand listlessly.

"Tell me what she is like; I wish to know," she says presently, very softly.

Silence for a few minutes; then Paul begins:

"She is not at all clever—of the two, I think, she is rather dull. She does not say much, but she always thinks before she speaks."

"What an intolerable prig she must be!"

"She talks about things, not people. She is very loving—"

"Pooh!" interrupts Lenore, contemptuously. "What woman is not? It is our besetting sin. What a list of attractions! But tell me—tell me, is she handsome—as handsome as—as—as I am?" she ends, laughing confusedly, and growing scarlet.

The water falls drip, drip, in long, lazy drops, from the idle oars.

"Are you handsome?" he asks, gravely—not with impertinence, but as though wishing for information—and, so asking, looks at her long and steadily in the moonlight—a familiarity of which she cannot complain, as she has brought it on herself. "Well, yes" (drawing his breath rather hard), "I suppose you are."

She laughs again. Now constrainedly.

"But waiving the question of my beauty—is she handsome—pretty?"

"I do not know," he answered, slowly. "Some one asked me that question the other day, and I said I did not know. I do not."

Lenore leans back in the stern, with the rudder-string in her hand.

"Describe her to me. I will tell you in a moment whether she is or not."

He stares absently over her head, at the viaduct, striding gigantic across the valley—at the town, with its house-roofs white as silver sheets in the moonshine.

"She is small," he begins, slowly, "very small! not more than five foot one, and thin—rather too thin, perhaps," his eyes resting, as he speaks, for an instant, with reluctant admiration on the superbly-developed figure of his *vis-à-vis*. "Her eyes are—" he stops short, in want of an epithet.

"Bright!" suggests Lenore.

"Bright! No!" cries he, energetically repelling her suggestion with scorn. "I hate your bright eyes. They always look *metallic*; hers look at you as if they were looking through a mist, and they have a dark, shady hue under them."

"Belladonna!" suggests Lenore again, with suspicious brevity.

"Some one said to me the other day that they were like the eyes of a shot partridge," he continued, not heeding her; "so they are."

"What a lackadaisical, dying-duck sort of idea!"

"She is pale—as pale as—as—as a lily!" he continued, unable to find a new white simile. "That clear yet opaque look—"

"Like a hard-boiled egg!" interrupts Lenore, scornfully.

"Not in the least like a hard-boiled egg!" retorts he, nettled, and the river of his eloquence suddenly dried.

"I do not know whether you are aware of it," says the girl, with a heightened color, "but you have described a person in every respect the exact opposite of me."

He gives a half smile.

"Have I? I apologize. I really was not aware of it. I only did as you bade me."

He pulls a few yards further on; no sound but the oars turning in the rowlocks—the plash, plash, of the smitten water. Lehon Abbey lifts roofless gables to the mighty sky, and Lehon Castle its round dim towers, whence never a knight will look again. The water-fairies have been supping on the river to-night: they have left their white water-lily cups and broad green platters behind them.

"Stop rowing," cries Lenore, imperiously, "I want to gather some of those lilies."

He obeys. Motionless they lie among the great round leaves and white chalcies. She leans back over the stern, and pulls with her strong, white hands at the tough, long stalks.

"What will you do with them?" asks Le Mesurier, indolently, his unwilling eyes taking in the lazy grace of the half-recumbent form, of the large, white, outstretched arm, at which a happy moonbeam is catching; "they have not at all a nice smell in water—faint and sickly—they will only die."

No answer.

"What do you want with them?" he asks, rising, he does not know why, and stepping over the little seat that intervenes between them.

"You will see," she answers, briefly.

They are so wet—so wet, as they lie in her lap. He watches her as she dries one dripping bud with her pocket-handkerchief, and then, with quick, deft fingers, places it closed and sleepy in her hair.

"Do you like it?" she asks, in a half whisper, raising her eyes to his, with a slow, bright smile.

How still it is! Not a sound; every thing is asleep; only the wakeful moon sees his cold, quick eyes flash. He would have laughed this morning, if you had told him that Lenore Herriek could make his heart beat as it is beating now.

"What would you have me say?" he answers, in the same key in which she spoke. "If I did not like it, would you have me tell you so?"

"Yes."

"I do like it," he says, half angrily; "you know I do; you knew I did before you asked me."

"Take it, then," she says, with a low laugh, holding it out to him. "Keep it as a memento of the fast girl who would go out boating with you, against your will, at ten o'clock at night—of the girl who may be very good fun, if one goes in for that sort of thing, but is not your style!"

He reddens.

"What do you mean?"

"You will not have it? Well, then, here it goes!"

As she speaks she flings the blossom away, far out into the river. It falls with a little flop, and a little gleam of broken silver lit the water, and so floats down to Dinan.

"What do you mean?" he cries, eagerly. "How impatient you are! I did want it; I held out my hand for it. I will have it yet!"

So saying he snatches up one of the oars, and makes frantic lunges with it at the little valueless prize. It is exactly three inches too far off for him to reach. Paul's arms are long, and he hates being beaten. Unmindful of the tilluppy nature of little cock-boats, he leans farther and farther over the side. It is almost within his reach—it is quite within his reach; he has got it—has he, though?

"Take care! take care!" cries Lenore, wildly; but it is too late. In another moment M. Panache's boat is floating away, bottom upward, after the water-lily, and two people are struggling and splashing in the moonlit Rance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORTON HOUSE.*

By the Author of "VALERIE AYLMER."

CHAPTER XXXV.—TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

"JOHN, JOHN, I am so glad you have got back at last!" was Mrs. Marks's greeting to her brother, when he entered the dining-room, where a bright fire and the supper-table were waiting for him. She had been crying all day, poor woman, but the fountain of her tears was not exhausted. It gave forth a plentiful supply of briny drops, as Mr. Warwick smiled kindly, kissed her, and told her to dry her eyes, and give him some supper, for that he was tired and hungry.

"Richard has gone to bed, I hope?" said he, as Mrs. Marks began to take up from the hearth, where they were ranged in a semicircle to keep warm, various dishes, which she placed upon the table, himself hastening to assist her in doing so.

"Yes, he's gone to bed"—a profound sigh—"but there's no

sleep for him *this* night, I know. Seventy-five thousand, four hundred and seventy dollars, John," pursued poor Mrs. Marks, with a ludicrous, unconscious imitation of her husband's manner, that made Mr. Warwick smile, despite his sincere sympathy with the distress which seemed so out of place on the round, good-natured face before him. "More than twice as much as Richard is worth, counting every sixpence he has got in the world!—and he blames himself for it all—and I'm sure he must blame me, though he don't say so"—the tears burst forth afresh—"and five little children—"

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Warwick, stemming the torrent of words that promised to flow on uninterruptedly for an indefinite time to come. "Blames himself? What does he blame himself for?"

"He says he ought never to have left the bank. That a cashier's business and duty is to protect, by his constant presence, the property committed to his charge; and that, instead of leaving poor Hugh to bear the brunt of the danger, and get beaten and bruised nearly to death, he ought to have been there himself. And you know it was my fault, John, that we left the bank, because it was such a nasty, cooped-up place for the children, compared to this house."

"All this sort of talk is nonsense, Bessie," said Mr. Warwick. "Marks is very much out of spirits, of course; but he will find that matters are not so bad, after all. He has been prompt in taking the steps necessary in the business, and the only uneasiness I feel now is about the specie. I have no doubt the greater part of that can be recovered—but not the whole, probably. As to the notes—you need not trouble yourself about them, I assure you. The secondreds will find that the fifty thousand dollars might as well be blank paper so far as they are concerned. In fact, it is certain to bring detection upon them if they try to pass it."

"I don't see how that can be," said Mrs. Marks, drying her eyes once more, but looking very doubtful. "It's money. All they've got to do is to cut it apart. It's signed, every bit of it."

"And numbered too, fortunately. Never mind puzzling yourself with the matter. You can take my word for it, can't you?"

"I suppose so. But John, are you sure—"

"Well?" he said, as she paused, and the inexhaustible fountain began welling forth from her eyes again.

"Are you sure we shall not be ruined—and"—sob—"that Richard's character—won't—"

"Bessie," said Mr. Warwick, in such a very quiet tone, that Bessie's eyes opened wide in startled surprise, and the drops with which they were brimming stood arrested in their fall—"Bessie, have you quite forgotten that you once bore the name of Warwick?"

The poor woman was bewildered. Never very quick of apprehension, she was totally unable now to perceive the connection between this "awful" bank robbery and her own maiden name; and, after a troubled pause of consideration, she looked inquiringly into her brother's face.

"I asked the question," continued he, "because I confess that I am mortified to find that my sister"—he laid a strong emphasis on the last two words—"instead of being courageous and cheerful in this misfortune which has befallen her husband, as a brave woman and good wife ought to be, is giving way to unreasonable and extravagant lamentations that must make it twice as hard—"

"Oh, no! you don't mean that I have made it harder for Richard to bear! Surely you don't think that!"

"I know it."

She wrung her hands spasmodically. "What can I do—what can I do?"

"You can act like a sensible woman, and remember that the loss of money—even if Marks loses any, which I am not at all sure that he will—"

"He says he intends to refund every cent that the bank loses, whether it is required of him or not, and if it takes all that he owns in the world."

"He may be a few thousands out of pocket, then—but what of that? If, instead of losing a little money—or, we will say a good deal of money—he or some of the children were to die—"

"John!" gasped his sister, turning pale.

"I think you would feel what a trifle, comparatively speaking, this whole business is," went on Mr. Warwick, without noticing her horrified ejaculation—"and be glad that trouble, which you know everybody has to endure in this world, Bessie, has come in this form, instead of a worse."

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

"Indeed, I am glad—and thankful to God," said she, in a subdued, rather awe-struck tone. "And thankful to you, John, for reminding me of it," she added.

He smiled encouragingly, and told her he had no doubt this wretched business might be set to rights in the end; but that, meanwhile, he expected to see her hopeful and brave. Then he went to a side-table, where a chamber candlestick was ready for him, and, as he lighted it, asked whether she thought Marks was asleep yet. "I won't disturb him, if he is; but I should like to speak to him a moment, if he is not. Will you see, Bessie, if you please?"

She went, merely opened the chamber-door, glanced in, and returned.

"He's wide awake," she said, with a sigh.

"I will go and speak to him, then. Good-night."

"Come in," responded Mr. Marks's voice, when his brother-in-law knocked at his door a minute later.

Mr. Warwick walked up to the bed, and found the afflicted cashier lying straight and motionless on his back, with his arms thrown up over the pillow, his hands folded one upon the other above his head, and the same expression of stolid endurance on his face that it had worn when he was at the bank.

"I have just been scolding Bessie, Dick," said Bessie's brother, with a smile that had humor as well as cheerful kindness in it—"and I have come to give you your share now. Why, zounds! what's the use of being a man, if you can't bear the ills of life, like a man! It is natural that you should feel this severely; it is a bad business, as it stands just at present. But you must not look only on the dark side of it. The money may be recovered—will be recovered, I believe. You know whether I am in the habit of talking at random, or of boasting; and I tell you that I have not the least doubt of being able to track down the villains—in time. We must have patience, and not be discouraged because it is impossible to find them at once. I have made a little discovery since I saw you—"

"You don't say so!" cried Mr. Marks, starting up and leaning on his elbow, as he gazed eagerly up into the other's face. "What is it?—what?"

"Never mind as to that. It is something that Hugh and myself found out after you left. Don't question Hugh in the morning. I told him not to say any thing to you about it. I should not have mentioned it myself if it had not been that I see you need stirring up a little. Between Bessie and yourself, you are making this affair twice as bad as there's any necessity for."

"It's harder to bear than you think for," said Mr. Marks, apologetically. But his face had cleared very much, and he was looking altogether ten per cent. better than he did when his brother-in-law entered the room.

"A good many things in this world are hard to bear," said Mr. Warwick; and—not at all pertinently to the subject of which they were talking—he sighed under his breath. "Well, good-night. I hope you will go to sleep now, and be yourself again in the morning. Rest assured that I am sanguine of recovering the money."

He went to his own room, and the first thing he did was to take out his pocket-book, and examine again the fragment of knife-blade which he had found. Then he sat down before the fire, stirred it thoughtfully, put the tongs back into their place, and gazing at the leaping and curling flames, and the glowing cavern that he had made beneath them, he remained for a long time absorbed in deep thought.

He rose early the next morning, and at an hour when he was usually asleep, took his way into the village, which was just beginning to show signs of awakening life. Shopkeepers were opening their doors and windows, and drowsy-looking servants were sweeping off door-steps, and gossiping with each other, as they leaned on their brooms; exchanging items of information concerning the great bank robbery, which was the topic of conversation with white and black in Tallaboma just then.

Mr. Warwick paused at the entrance of a store, near the open door of which a negro boy was lazily shaking a foot-mat, wondering to himself the while, "what had brought Mr. Worruck out that time in the morning."

"Your master here yet, Bill?" said the lawyer, pointing into the store.

"No, sir—nobody's here yit but me and Mass Jimmy."

To his surprise, Mr. Warwick, instead of passing on, entered the

door. Probably that gentleman had never before been conscious of the existence of "little Jimmy Powell," certainly he had never noticed the boy particularly. But he looked closely now, as he walked into the store, and encountered the gaze of a pair of remarkably quick and intelligent eyes, the owner of which was seated on the front edge of a counter, with one leg doubled under him, while the other dangled over, and kept up a swinging, kicking accompaniment to an air he was whistling. A bright face—altogether not an ordinary boy, Mr. Warwick thought—small for his age; for, though he was thirteen or fourteen at least, his size and delicate physique made him appear a year or two younger.

"How are you Mr. Warwick? Can I do any thing for you this morning, sir?" he said, at once dexterously slipping backward across the counter, and landing on his feet on the opposite side, where he stood with the attentive and business air of a well-trained clerk.

"Yes, I wish to see some penknives," said Mr. Warwick, with a half smile at the serious clerkliness of the little man's manner.

At the word penknives, there was a flash of intelligence in the boy's face, but he said nothing. Turning quickly to one of the shelves behind him, he took from it a box, which he brought and placed on the counter, and, opening it, proceeded silently to display several kinds of knives. Mr. Warwick examined them, one after the other, and finally looked up, or, rather, looked over, at the countenance that was just on a level with his own hands. The expression of that countenance surprised him a little, there was so much shrewd interest and curiosity in it; and yet not vulgar curiosity, either, for the boy restrained it the moment he perceived that it was observed replying with modest brevity to the questions as to the price of the knives, which his customer asked. The latter had been waiting to see whether the little clerk would volunteer some information which he wished to obtain, but, finding that there was no probability of this, he now opened the conversation himself as he paid for one of the knives.

"You have heard all about the bank robbery, of course?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; and the bright, brown eyes shot another ray of intelligence, and then looked gravely attentive.

"You know then, probably, that Hugh Ellis thinks he recognized one of the burglars in a man who was in the bank the day before the robbery was committed; and he tells me that the only information he can get about this man is, that a person answering to his description was here in your father's store that same day, and nearly about the same hour, and that you sold a penknife to him. Do you remember what sort of a knife it was?"

"It was like the one you have just bought, sir."

"Ah! You are sure?"

"Certain sure, Mr. Warwick."

"You recollect selling the knife, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you describe the man's appearance to me?"

"He was as tall as you are, sir—maybe a little taller, for he stood just where you are standing now, and I had to look 'way up to see his face. He had sandy, bushy hair, and a very red face, and he was dressed in a shabby suit of black."

"Would you have taken him for a gentleman?"

The boy hesitated:

"I hardly know, sir, whether he was or not. He looked something like a gentleman, but—his linen was soiled."

"What sort of money did he pay for the knife with?"

"He offered me a very dirty five-dollar bill that was all torn. But I wouldn't take it, and then he paid in silver."

"A five-dollar bill?" said Mr. Warwick, whose interest had been quickening, and his hopes rising, with each successive reply to his questions. "Did you notice what bill it was—of what bank, I mean?"

"Yes, sir. He threw it down on the counter, and I took it up and looked at it a minute. It was a 'Commercial Bank of A——' note."

"Humph!" cried Mr. Warwick. "It must have been the same fellow who was at the bank. A 'Commercial Bank of A——' note, and very ragged, you say?"

"Very ragged indeed. I don't think it was a counterfeit," added the boy, thoughtfully; "but it was too ragged to pass anywhere; and so I told him I couldn't take it."

"Why did you think of its being counterfeit?" asked the lawyer, a little surprised at this remark.

"Because I didn't like the man's looks, sir, and I thought he mightn't be too good to pass counterfeit money. There's a good deal of it about now, you know. He never once looked me straight in the face, though I tried my best to catch his eyes. But they kept moving about, first to one place, and then to another."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Warwick, with an emphasis that was almost startling.

"Yes, sir. He looked so"—and the boy glanced about him in a quick, uncertain sort of way, rolling his eyes from side to side with a restless movement that brought vividly to Mr. Warwick's recollection the eyes of the quack doctor in Hartsburg.

"Do you remember the color of his eyes?"

"They were of a light greenish blue, sir."

Mr. Warwick stood silent for a full minute, evidently in deep thought. He was trying to recall to mind the appearance of the quack doctor; but, with the exception of the restless eyes, his memory was for once totally at fault. He had a general but very vague impression that the man was tall, and that his hair was not "sandy and bushy." Nevertheless, the representation given of the stranger's eyes—the very pose of the boy's head while rendering the imitation—brought back so forcibly the look of Dr. Joyner, as he called himself, that Mr. Warwick felt morally sure that, in common parlance, he had "struck the trail"—and, it is needless to say, he resolved to pursue it.

"Well, Jimmy," he said, looking down with a smile, "I think you have given me some valuable information, and that you can help me still further in this matter, if you are willing to do so."

A quick flash came to the upraised face, and the boy's eyes sparkled with eagerness, as he replied: "I wish I could, sir."

"Do you think you would know the man if you saw him again?"

"Yes, sir, I'd know him anywhere."

"You are at the store here all the time, are you not?"

"Yes, sir." The little fellow sighed as he spoke.

"I ask, because I should like to see you again after breakfast. Good-morning for the present."

"Good-morning, Mr. Warwick."

"By-the-by," said the lawyer, turning back as he was about to cross the threshold, on his way out of the store; "by-the-by, my little friend, I had rather you did not mention to anybody—excepting your father, if it comes in the way—what I have been asking you, and what you have told me. I want to trace out this man that we have been speaking of, and, in a matter of the kind, talking ruins every thing."

"I know that, Mr. Warwick. I'll not say a word."

From Mr. Powell's store the lawyer went to the stage-office, as it was called, to find out, if possible, whether the man he was in search of had left Tallahoma by any of the several lines of public conveyances that ran to and from the place—Tallahoma, though in itself an inconsiderable village, being on one of the principal thoroughfares of travel in the State. He did not succeed in obtaining any information; and was feeling very much "at sea," as he walked meditatively toward the bank, when, just as he was turning a corner, he met the Chesselton hack coming in. Instantly it flashed upon him, as by an inspiration, that it was more likely a man trying to escape observation would take this, which was a less public line of travel—more merely local—than those he had been thinking of. The Chesselton hack, he remembered, ran only three times a week, and consequently, though Chesselton was but twenty-eight miles from Tallahoma, communication was much less easy and frequent than with Saxford, for instance, to which there was a double daily line—both a coach and hack line. To a man endeavoring to evade detection, it was a desirable consideration to be as much out of the way of quick communication as possible. The hack left Tallahoma on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, returning on the night of the same day it left; that is, making the round trip in twenty-four hours. And the rusty-looking vehicle, the appearance of which had suggested these reflections, had now just arrived from its Thursday trip for the current week. This was Friday morning, and there would be no further mail communication with Chesselton until Saturday—an excellent opportunity for a thief who had taken refuge there to make good his escape farther, undoubtedly.

These thoughts passed rapidly through Mr. Warwick's mind as he turned and followed the hack to the hotel where it stopped, in

order to speak to the driver. He paused at the entrance of the stable-yard into which the carriage was driven after discharging its passengers at the hotel-door, to wait until the driver descended from his seat.

"Gillespie!" he called, as the official seemed likely to prolong interminably his directions to and gossip with the hostlers who surrounded him and his horses. "Gillespie!"—the man turned to see who had spoken to him—"just step here a minute."

"How-d'y-e-do, Mr. Worruck? Was it me you was callin' to?" inquired the man, approaching him.

"Yes, I want to speak to you." He looked round, and, seeing that nobody was within ear-shot, went on: "I am trying to find out something about that bad business which happened night before last at the bank, and I want to know what passengers you took over to Chesselton yesterday; whether a fellow who was hanging about town here the day before the robbery, and who, Hugh Ellis thinks, was one of the burglars, may not have been among them?"

The driver shook his head.

"I was keepin' a sharp lookout myself, Mr. Worruck, for I'd like monstously to have the handlin' of that five thousand dollars reward that Mr. Marks offered for the apprehension of the thieves"—he chuckled at the bare thought of handling it—"but I hain't seed nobody sence I left Tallyhomy that answered to the description of either of 'em, I'm sorry to say. There wasn't as many passengers as usual yisterday. Only one old gentleman, and a man and his wife, and—"

"But," interrupted Mr. Warwick, "did you take up no passengers by the way?"

"I tuk up two; but one was a woman, and the other didn't no-ways curryspond to the descriptions I heard from Mr. Ellis. He didn't have on black clocs, nor yit a great-coat, I noticed particular. And he wore a curious kind a specktickles sich as I never seed before, that stood out like a couple of leather cups before his eyes."

"Goggles, I suppose," said Mr. Warwick.

"Mebbe so. Anyhow, he didn't answer to the descriptions."

"He may have changed his dress, and put on the goggles to avoid detection," said the lawyer. "What sort of looking man was he, and how was he dressed?"

"He was a good-lookin' man, or would a bin, if he hadn't had on them—goggles, did you call 'em?—they give him a out-of-the-way sort of look. He was dressed well enough—drab breeches and a brown surtout. But, with them things stickin' out two inches from his face, with green glasses at the top of 'em, he had a curious look."

"What sized man was he?"

"A stout fellow. Six feet—more'n that, I reckon."

"Where did you take him up?"

"At Moonie's—the second stage-house from here, you know."

"Twenty miles from here, is it not?"

"Yes, sir, twenty miles—and good ones, too."

"How far did he go with you?"

"He stopped a little this side of Chesselton."

"And did you see any thing of him afterward?"

"Never sot eyes on him after he got out of the hack when I stopped at Spring Creek to water my horses. He said he'd git out and stretch his legs by walkin' the rest of the way, as he was goin' to a private house in the country nigh by."

"Did he have no baggage?"

"A black leather travellin'-bag, not very big, as you may know—for he tuk it into the stage with him, and sot it down betwixt his feet."

"And you don't think it likely he was the man Hugh Ellis saw?"

"I don't think it noways likely it was the same man, sir."

"Did you notice the color of his hair?"

"Well, I didn't, Mr. Worruck. But I'll tell you what I'll do. My next trip over I'll see if I can find out who the fellow was, sence it seems a matter of intrust to you."

"Thank you, Gillespie. I shall be obliged if you will do so. You go over again to-morrow, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

After exchanging a few sentences more, Mr. Warwick bade Gillespie good-morning, and hurried on to the bank.

Hugh Ellis was expecting him impatiently.

"I've found something, too, Mr. Warwick," he said, quite trembling with eagerness, as he held up to view a dark crimson-and-yellow silk handkerchief that was considerably worn, and not a little soiled from use. "I got up as soon as it was light enough to see, and hunted the room over, and I found this lying behind the bed. How it was that Tom didn't find it last night when he was making up the bed I don't know."

"How do you know that it was dropped by the burglars?"

"It must have been. How else could it have got into my room? It is not mine. I never saw it, or one like it, before. They must have dropped it."

"It may have been dropped by some of the people who were here yesterday."

"No, sir; impossible. Nobody was in my room. I shut the door and locked it."

"It may be Tom's."

"I don't think so," said Hugh, decidedly; but he looked a little crestfallen. "I'll go and ask him," he continued, starting toward the door, carrying the handkerchief, which he held by one corner, fluttering along.

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Warwick. "Look if it has a name on it."

Hugh, fingering it rather superciliously, could find no name.

"Are silk handkerchiefs ever marked?"

"Sometimes. Put it down. I am going to breakfast presently, and I will ask Tom about it. Are you certain that there is nothing else to be found in the room?"

"I am certain, sir. I searched the floor first—the whole room, indeed—and then I took every thing off the bed, and shook the counterpane, and the sheets, and the blankets, each one separately. I even took the pillow-cases and the bolster-case off! I assure you, Mr. Warwick, I have looked thoroughly."

"Very well. I need not lose any time here, then; and I am very glad of that, for I am going to start to Chesselton directly after breakfast. See here!"

He sat down to the table—they were in the cashier's room—and put down before him the knife which he had just bought from Jimmy Powell. Then he took out his pocket-book, produced the fragment of blade, and, opening the knife, he placed the fragment upon the whole blade. Hugh uttered an exclamation as he saw that the two were identical in every respect, even to the brilliant newness of the metal. Mr. Warwick explained in as few words as possible all that he had learned from Jimmy Powell, and what he had since heard from the stage-driver.

"Now," he said, when he had concluded his relation, "I am going somewhat upon a venture, which I am not in the habit of doing; but I have an instinct, amounting to a positive conviction, that the man you saw, the man who bought this knife from young Powell—he touched the broken blade—the man whom Gillespie describes as wearing green goggles, and a quack doctor that I met last week in Hartsburg, and who, a day or two after I saw him, had to take French leave of the place to escape being lynched, are all one and the same individual; and I shall take young Powell, who says he can identify the rascal, and see if I can't find him. I hope," he added, as he rose to go, "that—well, Tom, what's the matter?"

Tom, who had at that moment appeared in the open door, responded to this question by another.

"Mistiss say ain't you comin' home to breakfast this mornin', Mass John?"

"Yes, I am just going now. Is this your handkerchief?"

He took up the article in question, and, holding it as Hugh Ellis had done, by one corner, exhibited it to the servant as he advanced.

"Mine? No, sir," answered Tom, with surprise. "I never saw it before, Mass John."

"Well, Hugh, I'll take it and see if I can discover the owner."

He looked round, picked up a newspaper, and, wrapping up the handkerchief, consigned it to his coat-pocket.

"I shall not see you again before I start, Hugh, so good-by. How are you feeling this morning, on the whole?"

"Dreadfully stiff, sir. I ache all over. But I don't mind that, so those infernal scoundrels are brought to law, and we get back the money."

He said this as he walked to the door with Mr. Warwick, who

paused there to shake hands and give him one parting caution.

"Not a word to anybody about the knife or about my movements. In one word, hold your tongue."

"Trust me to do that, sir."

Mr. Marks was just leaving the breakfast-table, when his brother-in-law entered the room. The little Markses, sitting demure and silent—they had been involuntary penitents during the four-and-twenty hours preceding—all started up with irrepressible and rapturous cries of "Unky! unky! Here's unky!"

Even the unnaturally-solemn visage of the cashier relaxed into a smile as the little folk bounded tumultuously forward, each eager to get "unky's" first greetings; and Mrs. Marks's face beamed for a moment. But, before the said greetings were over, Mr. Marks looked as saturnine as ever, and his devoted helpmeet was applying her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Don't go yet, Richard; I have a word to say to you presently," said Mr. Warwick, as he saw the former about to leave the room.—"Well, bairns, have you missed unky much?"

"Oh, that we have! that we have!" was the unanimous and rather stunningly vociferous reply. "We—"

"Hush, this minute, children!" cried their mother, whose temper had not improved since her brother's departure, a month before. "Do you want to deafen your uncle? Go along out now; he has other things to think about than your nonsense. Go along, all of you!—and, John, do come to breakfast!"

"In a minute," answered her brother, without moving from where he stood, just inside the door, surrounded by the children, who were, every one, clinging to him—Jack and Dick having seized each an arm, Sara and Katy having possession of his hands respectively, while poor little Nelly had nothing for it but to clasp her two little fat arms round his knee in an ecstasy of noisy delight. He looked down on them with a smile which was like sunshine to their little hearts, as he listened to their rejoicings at his return. But again Mrs. Marks began a sharp remonstrance and command to them.

"Do let them alone, Bessie!" said Mr. Warwick, a little sharp in turn.—"Here, Sara—hold your hand."

Sara's hand was extended with astonishing quickness, while all the others were breathless with expectation.

"Now, is it honor bright?" asked their uncle, appealing to them generally.

"Yes, unky, honor bright! honor bright!"

"Then, take this key, Sara, and see what you can find in my valise. Go, all of you, and stay in my room till I come. But mind—Sara is to take the things out and put them on the table, and you must all keep quiet and wait patiently."

"Honor bright!" responded they, in a breath, and were gone.

"Bessie, do you think it worth while to punish those poor children for the fault of the thieves who broke into the bank?" said Mr. Warwick, as he sat down to the breakfast-table.

"Punish them, John? I don't know what you mean! I haven't been punishing them."

"Yes, you have, and in the worst possible way—by cloudy looks and unmerited reproof. I wish you would remember what I said to you last night."

Mrs. Marks looked conscience-stricken, and Mr. Warwick turned to her husband, who stood by the fire, waiting for the word that his brother-in-law had for him.

"I have got what I believe to be a clew, Marks, and I shall start immediately after breakfast to follow it up. I don't know when I shall be back—in a day or two, perhaps; but it is not certain. All I can tell you is, that I intend to track down those scoundrels. So, keep up your spirits. You will find that this matter will all come out right at last."

"You really think so?" asked Mr. Marks, a little doubtfully.

"I am sure of it. Did you ever know me to be mistaken in an opinion which I expressed deliberately?"

"Why, no; I never did."

"Rely on my opinion in this, then. If I am absent more than a day or two, I will write. Are you going to the bank now? If so, I will say good-by, as I have ordered my buggy to be ready by the time I have finished breakfast."

"I'll see you off," said Mr. Marks, drawing a chair toward the fire,

and sitting down. "There's no hurry about my getting to the bank," he added, disconsolately.

"Where are you going, John?" asked Mrs. Marks.

"I am going first to Morton House to see Mrs. Gordon for a few minutes," answered Mr. Warwick, evasively. "By-the-way, Bessie—"

But Bessie, to whom the mention of Mrs. Gordon's name recalled the remembrance of the domestic trouble which had so much afflicted her—before the more important misfortune of the bank robbery occurred, and dwarfed its importance, indeed drove it entirely from her mind for the time being—interrupted him eagerly.

"O John," she cried, "every thing has been going wrong since you left home! Would you believe that Miss Tresham went away the Friday after you left, and, though she was to have come back on Monday, she's never made her appearance from that day to this? and, what's more, we haven't heard one syllable about her! What's become of her, I can't understand, for—"

"Do you recollect what I told you, Warwick, the day she drew her salary at the bank, and wanted it in gold? I remarked to you then that I suspected she was going to leave us; and, you see, I was right," said Mr. Marks, to whom it was quite a satisfaction—a little ray of light in the very dark sky that gloomed over him—to be able thus to vindicate so triumphantly, particularly to his brother-in-law, the correctness of his judgment.

"I remember your saying you were afraid she would leave you," replied Mr. Warwick. "And you have no idea why she left—have heard nothing from her?"

"Not a word—not the scrape of a pen!" cried Mrs. Marks, volubly. "All her things are here yet—two trunks, and ever so many—"

"You know she drew a thousand dollars in gold from me on Tuesday," Mr. Marks here broke in, with an animation which he had not exhibited before, since the first suspicion of the bank robbery had dawned on his horrified apprehension. "Well, on Friday, when she was going off, she borrowed *ten dollars* from Bessie! Think of that—ten dollars! Now, I say that there's something wrong about all this—one way or another—and I made up my mind that, if she didn't come back at the time she said, and couldn't give a satisfactory account of why she went—"

"She went to see the priest, Richard—she said so!" cried Mrs. Marks, who was still somewhat of a partisan of Katharine's.

"Yea, she said so," answered Mr. Marks, dryly. "But she didn't say what was the reason this St. John—you remember the man you warned me about, Warwick, when you met him as he was going out of the bank that day?"

Mr. Warwick nodded.

"Well, there is some connection."

Here Mrs. Marks's eagerness grew quite uncontrollable, and she dashed into the conversation—taking the floor by storm from her more quiet husband—and proceeded to pour out the whole story of St. John's visit to Katharine immediately on her return from Annesdale: Mrs. Gordon's having come in while St. John was there; what Mrs. Gordon had said; Katharine's hasty departure; Morton Annesley's call; St. John's call; Mrs. Annesley's call; St. John's second call, and the manner in which the latter had persisted ever since in persecuting the whole family, in the effort to obtain information of Katharine's whereabouts; her own solemn conviction that Katharine had gone away to get rid of St. John, and that she would never come back while he remained in Tallahoma; and Mr. Marks's obstinate resolution not to receive her again into his family, if she did come back.

Mr. Warwick listened in attentive silence, and had finished his breakfast before the narration was concluded. When Mrs. Marks finally stopped an instant to take breath, he turned to her husband.

"Has it never occurred to you that Miss Tresham might have been detained away accidentally?"

"Never!" answered Mr. Marks, emphatically. "It only occurs to me that there's something wrong. I'm sure of it; and, though I don't know what it is, I'll have nothing more to do with Miss Tresham. I told Bessie at the time that it was a risky business to be engaging a governess without knowing any thing about her. I have no idea that Miss Tresham will ever return here; but, if she walked into the room this minute, she should not stay very long. I'm done with her."

Mr. Warwick said nothing. He did not have time to argue the question just then, and, in fact, what could he have said? Perfectly ignorant of Katharine's motives, or the reasons which she might be able to give for her apparently singular conduct, he thought it best to

be silent as to his knowledge of her present place of sojourn. He could only conjecture that Mrs. Marks's suspicion of her having left Tallahoma to avoid St. John was correct, and, as he had but a moderate opinion of Mrs. Marks's powers of reticence—or, indeed, of the capacity of people in general in that particular—he judged it most prudent to leave matters as they were—at least, until his return from the journey which he was about taking. Unwilling as he had been to entertain the suspicion suggested by Mrs. Gordon concerning St. John, he had found it impossible to put the idea from him, notwithstanding that the evidence of Hugh Ellis as to the appearance of the burglars went far to discredit its probability. The correctness of Hugh's observation in the case of one of the two—which Mr. Warwick considered fully corroborated by the testimony of the little Powell—entitled his statement to respect, and a little staggered the intuitive conviction, which had steadily been gaining ground in Mr. Warwick's mind, that Mrs. Gordon was right. Yet still, that conviction was only staggered, not done away with; and, though he thought it necessary to follow the clew which he had obtained, and which, so far as he was aware, did not point to St. John as a participant in the outrage, he was exceedingly anxious that the man should not leave Tallahoma during his own absence, and anxious, also, that he should continue ignorant of Katharine's movements. Therefore, he would not risk any thing, he thought, by premature candor. When the affair of the robbery was off his hands, he would take up this mystery about the governess, and see if he could not unravel it. So, without a word upon the subject, he rose, and, after a few more encouraging assurances that he would "bring the business" (of the robbery) "all straight," he took leave of the Marks, senior and junior, and, entering the buggy, which was at the gate, told Cyrus to drive to Mr. Powell's store.

As he was passing the hotel, his quick eye caught sight of St. John on the bench that ran along the wall from end to end of the long piazza (for the convenience of the loungers who there did congregate at all times and seasons), engaged in what, to appearance, was the business of his life—smoking. He sat apart from a group of noisy talkers, but near enough to enjoy the benefit of hearing their conversation.

No sooner did Mr. Warwick appear in sight, than one of these gentlemen of leisure, a brother lawyer, started up, and stepped to the edge of the piazza to exchange a word with him as he passed.

"Warwick! A moment, will you, Warwick!" cried he. "I did not know that you were back. When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday evening," answered Mr. Warwick, as he stopped and shook hands cordially. "But I am off again, you see."

"Ah?" said the other, with some surprise. "I thought you would have gone to work about the robbery. Don't you intend to hunt down those scoundrels?"

Mr. Warwick smiled. "You know my faith in the old saw, 'Give a thief rope enough, and he is sure to hang himself.'"

Mr. Ashe—the legal brother—smiled also, and very significantly; though, as he stood with his back to the group in the piazza, nobody but Mr. Warwick himself perceived the smile, or the glance that accompanied it. He knew Mr. Warwick's faith in the said proverb; but he knew also that Mr. Warwick invariably took the precaution, in cases of the kind, to hold the end of the rope in his own hand—and shrewdly suspected that he was not departing from his usual custom on the present occasion. A few general remarks followed after this—Mr. Ashe judiciously refraining from indiscreet questions—and then Mr. Warwick, pleading haste, went on his way. But he had taken the opportunity during the moment in which he was stationary almost directly in front of St. John—for he had not stopped the buggy until it passed a few feet beyond the group of loungers—to cast one or two rapid, apparently careless, but in reality very keen glances at that personage. Glances which were returned with interest—since, on more than one account, the lawyer was an object of no common regard to the scheming adventurer. This was the man who had spirited away Felix Gordon—this the man who, according to the unanimous belief of his townsmen, "would soon ferret out the bank thieves." St. John had no particular, or, rather, no personal knowledge of Mr. Warwick's character; but he had heard enough about it in the discussions concerning the bank robbery, which were in everybody's mouth, to excite his apprehension.

"Yet," thought he, moodily watching the smoke, as it curled away from his lips, "what can the man do?" And then he went over in

his mind all the precautions against detection which his comrade had so elaborately adopted; he remembered that this comrade was accomplished in the art of deceiving London and Parisian detectives; and he smiled cynically at the idea of a village-lawyer in "this d—d backwoods country," being able to outwit such an adept in his profession. For himself, he had not the slightest uneasiness. His figure had been so effectually disguised by much clothing and a heavy blanket-overcoat, that nobody, he was certain, would ever imagine that the tall, slender, and elegant form, so familiar now to Tallahoma eyes, could have been transformed into that of Burglar No. 2, whose portrait passed from lip to lip as "short and square-built; just about such a looking man as Mr. Shields."

Meanwhile, Mr. Warwick drove on a square or two, and stopped before Mr. Powell's store.

"Is your father in, Jimmy?" he said, as the boy hurried forward to meet him.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk into the counting-room?"

He led the way to a glass door at the farther extremity of the store, opened it, ushered in the lawyer, and closed it again—looking regretfully, as he did so, at the curtain which concealed the interior of the apartment from his view. He had scarcely returned to his place near the entrance of the store, however, before the folds of this curtain were pulled aside, and he saw his father's hand beckoning to him. All elate, he bounded down the long room, and disappeared from the gaze of the wondering clerks. A few minutes afterward, the door was again opened, and Mr. Warwick, Mr. Powell, and Jimmy, all issued forth—the face of the latter beaming with pleasure.

"I am very much obliged to you, Powell," said Mr. Warwick, as they walked toward the door. "I'll take good care of Jimmy, and bring him safe back, I promise you."

"I don't doubt that, Mr. Warwick. Always glad to accommodate you in any way, sir; and particularly glad in this case—for Marks's sake as well as your own. I only hope Jimmy may be of use to you."

They shook hands, and Mr. Warwick, reëntering his buggy, pursued his way in one direction, while Jimmy, after also shaking hands with his father, and receiving a few parting injunctions from him, walked off in another.

The latter went home, and, as Mr. Warwick had advised, put his tooth-brush and a change of linen into a pocket of his overcoat, and then proceeded, by a short cut through the woods, to Morton House. So correctly had Mr. Warwick reckoned the time which his own and the boy's movements would require, that, just as he drove out of the Morton domain, Jimmy emerged from the wood on the opposite side of the road, and joined him.

"I give you credit for your punctuality," he said, with a smile. "Let me have the reins, Cyrus. I shall be back in a day or two. Good-by.—Up with you, Jimmy—this side."

He drove off, down the Saxford road, and kept it for several miles; then he took a fork to the left, and, after pursuing this for some miles farther, emerged into the Chesselton road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMING HOME.

WITH ILLUSTRATION. SEE PAGE 169.

LEISURELY cropping the lush meadow-grasses,
Under the leaves where the cool shadows fall;
Up from the swamp and the woodland he passes,
Following on at the farmer-boy's call:
"Come, come,
We're almost home!
Follow your leader, we're almost home!"

All the day long have the bluebird and robin
Piped for you songs of the rarest delight;
Little you cared for them, sober-faced Dobbin;
Prosy to you is the loveliest sight.

Now, having been such a while at your leisure,
Here is a task for your stout legs to do;

Off to the "meeting," or furrows to measure,
Say, will it make any difference to you?

"Late, late,

It's growing late!

Only a step to the barn-yard gate!"

Good-by, a while, to the pond and its lilies!

Sorry to part with the sweet oaken shade?

Toil comes at last unto lads and to fillies;

Dear is the rest that for labor is made!

Ah! at these rude rustic bars, where you loiter,

Lovers have lingered on calm summer eves;

Village coquettes, and, to tease, none adroiter,

Speak here the vow which delights yet deceives!

"Wood, wood,

Firm and good!

Wouldn't you whisper a tale, if you could?"

Net-work of vines as you hold up each berry,

Coral in shadow and jet in the sun—

Leaves that are whispering, and birds that are merry—

What will you do when the summer is done?

Crops at his leisure my slow-footed rover,

While the clear sky with its melody rings;

Down with the bars, and the journey is over,

While the blithe farmer-boy merrily sings:

"Come, come,

We're coming home!

Fresh as the daisies we're coming home!"

SAPPHO.

II.

WHO WAS PHAON? *Phaon*, a Greek word which means shining, and *Adonis*, were titles of the sun. Mythologically the persons so named were one. *Adonis* is said to have been greatly admired for his beauty, a favorite of *Venus*, and hidden by her among the lettuce, all which is said of *Phaon*.

There are known to have been four ancient Greek comedies entitled "*Sappho*" and one entitled "*Phaon*." Who the *Sappho* and *Phaon* represented in them purported to have been does not satisfactorily appear, though *Athenæus* supposes that the former, in one of them, personated the poetess. His authority, however, the late period (about A. D. 230) at which he wrote considered, should, in this instance, perhaps be little regarded. *Antiphanes*, the earliest of the authors of those comedies, was born at least more than two centuries after her death, and their representations, had we them, of the life and character of any woman of even their own time, such was the licentiousness of the Greek stage, were of little or perhaps no account.

The *Phaon* whom the poetess is said to have loved is reputed to have been a boatman of *Mitylene*, who, as a reward for his having gratuitously conveyed *Venus*, disguised as an aged woman, to the continent, was not only rejuvenated by her, but also received from her an alabaster vase containing an ointment, the use of which imparted to him a beauty and attractiveness so remarkable that, with the women at least, he was an object of general admiration and love. *Ovid* makes *Sappho* say to him:

"By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah, who would not be undone!"

Says a character in *Plautus*: "Of all mortals, were never but you and *Phaon* of *Lesbos* so passionately loved!" It was customary to say of a youth remarkable for his pride and beauty: "In demeanor and person you are a *Phaon*." *Pliny*, however, remarks that *Sappho's* love of him was the effect of the virtue of a certain herb that caused the possessors of it to be loved by persons not of their sex.

Servius says that, according to Menander and Turpillius, the comic poets, a temple of Venus was erected by Phaoon at Leucate, whence "a woman," from her love of him, had cast herself into the sea. Had he supposed her to have been the poetess, he doubtless would have named her as such. Ovid, in his "Epistle of Sappho," speaks of him as being in Sicily when it was written, as if he supposed him to have either retired from her to that island, or rather to have accompanied her to it, and at last there abandoned her.

His reputed history considered, the least objectionable evidence of his reality (which we greatly doubt) perhaps is that, according to Ælian, having been detected in the prosecution of a criminal amour, he was instantly slain. The accounts of him are chiefly mythical.

It will, perhaps, appear reasonable not only to conclude that, if ever a Sappho from her love of a Phaoon took the "Lover's Leap," she was the one named by Suidas as having taken it; by Athenæus and Ælian, as a person who led a dissolute life; and by all of them as *not the poetess*—but possibly rather even to suspect that originally, in the fable before noticed as transmitted by Ptolemy, Adonis took his other title of *Phaoon*, and Venus was called *Sappho*. At least it is remarkable that *Sapph** was a title of the Egyptian Goddess of Letters; who is supposed to have been the same as the Grecian Athena, or Minerva, whom, if we rightly recollect, Bryant's "Mythology" identifies with the more ancient Venus, corroborative of which is, that mention is made of a Venus who, like Minerva, was represented as armed.

According to Ovid and Maximus Tyrius, who says that Socrates called Sappho "the beautiful" in reference, not to her person, but to her poetry, her complexion was dark, and her figure small:

"Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself and earth's remotest ends.
Dark, like Andromeda, I am, yet her
To fairest maids young Perseus could prefer."

OVID. *Sappho to Phaoon*.

In a verse of Alcæus she is called—

"The dark-haired and sweetly smiling."

A special, if not a principal source of his devotion to her, doubtless, was her poetry, music, and conversational talent, accomplishments to which Ovid makes her allude in her supposed expostulation with Phaoon:

"My features, form, with others why compare?
Oh read my poems, and you'll think me fair.
Was it a false, more flattering oath of thine,
That speech became no eloquence but mine?
Still must I think how you were wont to hang
O'er my fond lips and kiss them when I sang."

OVID. *Sappho to Phaoon*.

One might suppose that she and Alcæus wore crowns only of roses, but Julius Pollux says they were of *parsley*!

She was the author of nine books of odes, besides epigrams, iambs, elegies, monodies, hymeneals, etc., all of which are said to have been extant in the time of Ilorace. The remains of them consist of two odes "To Venus;" another, but imperfect, "To the Beloved," an unnamed person of her sex; a few epigrams, and a brief collection of short, and, it would seem, mostly fragmentary pieces.

Her erotic poems were remarkable for a highly-impassioned tone of both sentiment and expression, which, in speaking of them, Plutarch compares to Cacus exhaling fire and the Pythoness inspired by the Delphic affluus. Says Horace:

"... spirat adhuc amor
Vivuntque commisso calore
Æolæ fidibus puellæ."

"Still breathes the love, survives the fire,
That thrilled Æolian Sappho's heart;
The passion spoken through her lyre,
Though mute its tone, will not depart."

The subjects of many of these poems appear to have been her "disciples" and perhaps others of her young female associates, and hence (especially as in some of them she may, as in the ode "To the Beloved," have apparently personated a male character), at a period quite remote from her own, might have arisen a prejudice which, it would appear from sundry passages in Ovid, and possibly one in Horace, may have helped to originate and perpetuate the, at last, prevalent opinion that consigned her to a distinction very different from

that which she anticipated when, according to Aristides the rhetorician, she in some poem exultingly predicted that the remembrance of her was never to perish.

In regard to this subject, Maximus Tyrius, an eminent Greek rhetorician and Platonic philosopher, in substance remarks that Socrates and Sappho were great admirers of personal beauty, but nevertheless that the exaggerated, impassioned strain in which he spoke of his love for his youthful male, and she, in her poems, of hers, for her youthful female associates, was partly assumed with a view merely to effect; that in this sense what his disciples, Alcibiades and Phædrus (his love for whom he compares to a Bacchic mania), were to him, the Attis and Anactoria, named in her poems, were to her; and that as, with a like hyperbolism, Prodicus and Gorgias were represented by him as the rivals of his love for those disciples, so were Gorgo and Andromeda, also named in her poems, represented by Sappho as the rivals of hers for her favorites above named. In one of her relics she complains that the affection of Attis is diverted from her to Andromeda. In another, deriding the latter, she says how can she please who is so provincial as not to *confine her dress closely about her ankles*? It is gratifying to learn that the Lesbian *bellæ apritis*, if pagans, were no "bloomers."

Her "disciples," as they were called, were girls who were domesticated with her for the purpose of receiving instruction in poetry, music, deportment, etc. Of these, a number of whom are named by ancient writers, Damophyla of Pamphilia became a celebrated poetess.

Plutarch relates that Antiochus, the son of Seleucus, having, to the great detriment of his health, secretly entertained a violent passion for Stratonice, his beautiful mother-in-law, it was at last discovered by his physician's observing that in her presence he exhibited all the symptoms ascribed to such a passion by Sappho in her ode "To the Beloved," and thus, in his version of it, particularized by Philips:

"For while I gazed, in transports tost,
My heart was gone, my voice was lost;

"My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

"In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away."

With a view to the recovery of Antiochus, and, perhaps, to his own domestic peace, his father permitted Stratonice to marry him.

For much of her celebrity, Sappho, no doubt, was indebted to her musical knowledge and skill, both vocal and instrumental. Most, possibly all, of her poetry was sung, or perhaps we should rather say intoned, by her to the lyre, and probably much of it, occasionally at least, in public. Ovid makes her speak of the Lesbian maidens as having attended her musical performances in crowds. She is said to have invented the musical instruments called the *pectis*, or *magadis*, and the *plectrum*; also sundry poetical measures, and the *mirrodis*, a highly-pathetic musical mode, the execution of which, so as not to offend the ear, required a voice capable of ascending, with clearness and facility, to a very high point, in which respect her own is thought to have excelled that of any other singer of her time, and, therefore, to have probably suggested to her the mode. It was subsequently adopted by the Greek tragedians.*

The many highly-commendatory notices of Sappho by ancient writers considered, it perhaps may reasonably be doubted if, as a lyric poet at least, and even as a singer and lyrist, she has ever been equalled. Her customary title with them was "the beautiful," in reference, as before remarked, to her poetry. Plato and Ausonius style her "the tenth Muse," and Antipater Sidonius represents the Mother of the Muses as, after having heard her sing, fearing lest as such she should be regarded. Terentianus Maurus calls her "the most learned;" Demetrius Phalerus, "the divine;" Nossia, "the flower of the Graces;" Cedrenus, "the chief Muse;" Lucan, "the glory of Lesbos;" Strabo, "a prodigy," and says that, as a poetess, she had had no equal. Didymus Calcenterus doubts whether to call her a poetess or a sibyl—that is, a person supernaturally endowed. Galea says that when, by way of distinction, it was remarked, "this said the poet," or "this the poetess," by the one was meant Homer, and by

* The verse of the Greek tragedies was intoned, or spoken with a kind of recitative.

the other Sappho. Ovid speaks of her fame as, even in her own time, universal. Socrates compares his memory to a cask charged with samples of various choice liquors not of his own manufacture, one of which, he says, is the *erotic* poetry of "the beautiful," as he calls her, Sappho.* Longinus instances her ode "To the Beloved" as an example of the sublime. Meleager, in his poem on the emblems of the Greek female poets, makes hers the rose. In an anonymous Greek epigram, she is represented as saying: "I am Sappho, and as much excel all other female as does Homer all other male poets." Solon, having heard some of her verses read, said he should not willingly die until he had fixed them in his memory.

VERSION OF AN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAM.

"To Juno's shrine, O Lesbian maids, proceed!
There join the dance. The choir let Sappho lead,
Striking a golden lyre. Each listening ear
Shall seem, enrapt, the Muse herself to hear."

No poet, perhaps, by ancient authors, was more frequently quoted than Sappho. Demetrius Phalereus says that all her poetry was beautiful, and all its subjects were pleasing—a feature which we should be glad to see characterize any collection of numerous pieces in verse of our own age. Some of the most eminent critics of antiquity exemplify their remarks by passages from her pages, and some of its most eminent poets either purloin from or imitate her few extant remains, and therefore are presumed to have so done to a much greater extent in regard to the rest of her works. The "To Lesbia" of Catullus, for example, is nearly a literal version of her ode "To the Beloved."

For the ordinary opinion of her life and character she is possibly somewhat indebted to the infidelity of her translators. Fanshawe, for instance, in rendering a fragment in which she merely says, "The moon and Pleiades set, midnight is here, the hour passes, I lie solitary," represents her as complaining that her lover had not kept his appointment; and Phillips, in his popular version of her "Hymn to Venus," has the line—

"Though now he shuns thy longing arms"—

where the original, with a strict regard to delicacy, merely says, "Though he flee thee." It appears, however, from this ode, that, when it was composed, there was some one (possibly the wealthy Andrian, whom she finally married) to whom she was greatly yet unrequitedly devoted. From it we also learn that the Lesbian ladies had a custom of endeavoring to soften the obduracy of the male objects of their affection by gifts. Among those which, it seems, Sappho had the mortification to see returned were not unlikely to have been sundry articles—as, embroidered caps, belts, and scarfs—of her own manufacture; for the more ancient Greek women, of every condition, appear to have all been sewers, spinners, and weavers. The wives of Ulysses and Hector, and even Circe, a goddess, are represented by Homer as employed at the loom. Sappho, in a fragment—probably that of some girlish effort—says: "O mother! I am so quite unnerved by my love for a certain youth that I cannot weave." We doubt much, however, if it ever met her mother's eye.

There was a picture of her by Leo. The following is a version of a Greek epigram by Democharis on another:

"All-forming Nature taught thee how to make
This Muse, O painter! seeming life to take.
The eye emits no inexpressive ray,
But that still seen a fancy to betray
Ingenious. To no art a covert, see
Each cheek glow with a free simplicity!
In each, though gay, yet gentle, feature's trace,
How blend the Muse and Love, each other grace!"

Democharis, however, is supposed to have been by centuries her successor. For the features ascribed to her in this picture, she, therefore, was possibly indebted solely to the fancy and skill of the painter. There is also a Greek epigram by Leo Allatius, on what he calls "an image" of her, at Rome. A celebrated statue of her, by the eminent sculptor Silanion, was purloined by Verres from the Prytaneum at Syracuse, of which Cicero says, A work so perfect what, not individual only, but rather even people, would not desire to possess? and that how much the inhabitants of that city longed for its restoration was all but indescribable. There appears to be some reason for believing that a statue recently discovered at Rome represents her under the figure of Erato, the Muse. Julius Pollux says that the Mitylenians stamped their coins with her image. We have previously noticed one

* Presumptive evidence that he did not regard it as particularly objectionable.

commemorative of her, and Thevet remarks that in Lesbos he had discovered another, and that one like it was presented to the French minister at the Porte. Prefixed to Wolf's "Greek Female Poets," published in 1733, are representations of seven supposed Sappho coins—none of which, however, bear her name—of one in which it occurs, and of a Terminus bust at Rome, inscribed *Sappho Eresia* (Sappho of Eresos). The features, in most of them, are quite dissimilar, and, to our eye, not remarkably attractive. However, from the remote period at which she lived, it appears at least questionable if any one of the above-noticed honorary relics ever much resembled its prototype, all of them possibly being of a date far subsequent to her own.

There was a book on her by Chamæleon of Heraclea; another, on her poems, by Dracon of Stratonica; and, by Callias of Lesbos, what seems to have been a treatise explaining them.

An epigram by Tullius Laureas, a freedman of Cicero, and another by Antipater Sidonius, on her tomb, place it in her native land, where her remains were little likely to have rested, had she perished at the Leucadian Rock—

BY TULLIUS LAUREAS.

"O stranger! passing this Æolian tomb,
Where my few relics find, at last, a home,
If thou, through me, the friendship of the Nine
Wouldst win, for each of whom I lived to twine
A bright, unfading wreath, O deem not I,
Whate'er the marble's fate, shall ever die!
That soon, like all man builds, may crumble; yet
On Sappho's fame no sun shall ever set."

BY ANTIPATER SIDONIUS.

"Hidest thou Sappho, then, Æolian earth? *
Famed as the only Muse of mortal birth,
Nor less as tenth to those to whom is given
To see the gods and strike their lyres in heaven—
Sappho, who, nursed by Love and Venus, won,
Of violets twined, Pieria's deathless crown,
Glory to her in whom all Greeks delight!
And, O ye Fates! we would for her ye might
Spin an interminable thread, by whom
Flowers for the Muses wreathed forever bloom!"

An epigram by Pinytus also speaks of her tomb.

In a merely poetical view, the recovery of the lost works of Sappho is perhaps more desirable than that of those of any other writer.

GEORGE HILL.

ARTIFICIAL ICE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

SCIENTISTS tell us that the ancients, while practising various methods of reducing the temperature of liquids to render them more palatable in warm weather, were unacquainted with any means of producing artificial congelation. According to the classical writers, snow was used for the cooling of liquids at an early period, being mixed directly with the wine or the water. The palate of the luxurious Greek was not satisfied until his delicate Frambian or Chian had been stirred with mountain-snow, and the Roman exquisite accounted his amber Falernian almost unfit to drink until cooled with the snows of Apennine. Plutarch records that the snow, collected on the mountains during the winter months, was preserved during the heats of summer in deep pits, covered with coarse cloths and with chaff. Water cooled with snow was also esteemed a great luxury. Theocritus, the sweet Sicilian singer, calls it an ambrosial drink (*πρότος ἀμβροσίας*); but Aristotle seems to have doubted its healthfulness. Solomon probably refers to its use in Proverbs xxv. 13: "As the snow of cold in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him: for he refresheth the soul of his masters."

Another method practised was to expose the water in unglazed earthen jars to the action of the air in some dry and cool place. In this case the water was generally boiled first or heated in the sun, the ancients believing that warmed water was soonest cooled. The exudation through the pores of the vessel kept the surface continually wet, and, the air causing rapid evaporation, the temperature was soon reduced.

There are many reasons for believing that the property of salt-petre of cooling liquids was known at a remote period in the East. A formula for its use is laid down in the "Institutes of Akbar," Emperor of Hindostan, who reigned in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It is described as the discovery of that prince, but it was

* Lesbos, her native country, was a part of Æolia.

known in the beginning of the same century to the Italians, who are said to have derived their knowledge of it from the East. About 1550 the wine and the water used on the tables of the wealthy in Rome were cooled in a solution of this salt. The property of other salts of producing a low temperature in liquids was discovered soon after. In 1626 Sanctorius writes that he had converted wine into ice with snow and common salt. Lord Bacon, who died in 1626, tells of a new method that had been discovered of bringing snow and ice to such a degree of cold by the aid of saltpetre, or even of common salt, that it would freeze water. In warm countries, he adds, where snow is not to be found, people make ice with saltpetre alone. He acknowledges, however, that he had never tried this experiment.

The first mechanical contrivance for freezing liquids was that invented by Sir John Leslie in 1810.

To sum up the testimony thus adduced, there is no evidence, say the writers on this subject, that artificial ice was made previous to the sixteenth century by means of freezing mixtures, nor by mechanical appliances previous to the present century. In opposition to this theory, I invite attention to the following extracts from King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version of Orosius's "Historiarum adversus Paganos, Libri VII." (I quote from Thorpe's translation):

"And there is a custom among the Esthonians that, when any one is dead, he lies unburnt with his relations and friends for a month, sometimes two, and the kings and other great men as much longer, as they have more wealth; sometimes it is half a year that they are unburnt, and lie above-ground in their houses. And all the while that the corpse is in the house there are drinking and sports till the day on which it is burnt."

Were this all, we might well wonder how this people could endure the presence of a dead body in their dwellings for so long a time; but the writer explains, a little farther on, how the corpse was preserved from putrefaction:

"And there is among the Esthonians a tribe that can produce cold, and, therefore, the dead, in whom they produce that cold, lie so long there and do not putrefy; and if any one sets two vessels full of ale or water they contrive that one shall be frozen, be it summer or be it winter."

I am well aware of the worthlessness of the Spanish historian as an authority. Orosius, who lived in the latter half of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century, wrote his history at the instance of St. Augustine (who was engaged at the time in the composition of his own work, "De Civitate Dei") to aid him in refuting the charge made by the heathen writers that Christianity had been productive of more harm than good. It was for a long time a standard authority among orthodox believers, but modern investigation has proved its general inaccuracy. Fortunately, King Alfred did not confine himself strictly to the text of his author, but took the liberty of making omissions, corrections, and additions. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book, in the present version, is a long interpolation in the beginning, giving a description of the country known to the king as Germany, but with bounds much more comprehensive than those given by Tacitus, compiled by Alfred from information derived from Ohthere and Wulfstan, two early Northern navigators. The extracts given above are from the narrative of Wulfstan, who had been an eye-witness of what he related. His statement bears the impress of truth, and ought not to suffer from the imputations cast on the veracity of Orosius. His account of the coast of the Baltic from Schleswig to the mouth of the Vistula is so correct geographically that his course may easily be traced on the map.

The Esthonians were a Finnic tribe, seated east of the Vistula. Wulfstan places them in Witland and Eastland, all the country along the Baltic west of the river being called in his narrative Wendland.

From the foregoing may be drawn two inferences: first, that the Esthonians knew how to produce ice by artificial means; second, that they were acquainted with its value as an antiseptic.

Wulfstan's narrative would have been more satisfactory if he had told us by what magic means these ancient Finns effected the transmutation, but, unfortunately for science and for our curiosity, he has detailed only the bare fact, giving no hint from which we can form even a conjecture. Accepting his statement for truth, however, it would be a curious subject for philosophic speculation—how a semi-civilized tribe a thousand years ago made so important a discovery, which we have been taught to regard as a fruit of modern research.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN NEVADA.

WE have had a council of war. That is, it was a peace conference; but then a council of war sounds better, and I am not sure that the proceedings were quite as amiable as they were interpreted to be, so that I boldly repeat my assertion that we have had a council of war.

The big chief of the Shoshones rejoices in the euphonious name of Cowitch. He is an artistic barbarian, with an eye for color. Owing to the supposition that the object of our expedition was the massacre of all the Indians in the State of Nevada—a supposition which had its foundation in the frantic behavior of our bug-collector, who scoured the mountains around us in search of prey—the noble red-man left our neighborhood. *Abii, evasi*, and so on. This was not what we desired, as their information concerning the country might prove valuable. So, meeting one stray Indian in the woods, our professional pioneer gloomily eyed him, and then addressed him. Here let me state, parenthetically, that there is only one proper method of talking to an Indian. Indian-talk is something like baby-talk in its utter disjointedness. Remember the style of conversation of Mr. Alfred Jingle, reader of *Pickwick*, and adopt it when you meet a big chief. Say "heap" as often as possible. Use it promiscuously with nouns, adjectives, and verbs. Tell him he shall have a heap of muck-a-muck, assure him that he is a heap good Indian, and inform him that you a heap go away through the country. Omit all prepositions and conjunctions. Never say perhaps; but use, as an equivalent, "maybe so." The sign of equality, too, finds favor with the poor Indian's untutored mind. "All the same as," is a phrase which is absolutely necessary to the success of any dialogue with an Indian. And, as a conclusion, the universal "*Sabe!*" a word adopted from the Mexican vocabulary, must be employed.

So our pioneer addressed the Indian: "Heap good white man—camp—see Indian—want be heap friend Indian—white man all same as Indian—come up to camp—*sabe!*"

The Indian did *sabe*, much to my surprise, as the pioneer's remarks were utterly unintelligible to me. He told Cowitch, and that sagacious chieftain, before venturing among us, dispatched Frank, his interpreter, to reconnoitre.

This Frank is a refutation of the assertion that the Indian is below or above education. He speaks English fluently, having been reared in a white family whose civilizing influence was so strong that, as soon as he was old enough, he ran away and joined this tribe. He makes a very satisfactory interpreter; and, though his dress is highly Indianesque, has a quiet and subdued manner which impresses us favorably. He promised us a visit from Cowitch and his attendant chieftains on the following day, and, in a state of tremulous anticipation, we awaited his coming.

At about nine o'clock A. M. there was a noise of horses' hoofs, and a troop of mounted Shoshones appeared, surrounding Cowitch, who, with his two squaws, his heir-apparent, and his mother-in-law, formed the centre of the group. They alighted, and immediately squatted on the ground; Cowitch and his chiefs in the middle, the others grouped around him in a ring; while the squaws, the heir-apparent, and an unfortunate chief who came late, sat at one side. The heir-apparent was a frisky little Indian baby of about three years of age, who kept bobbing into the council and disturbing the solemnity of the proceedings in a highly-irreverent manner. But what pleased me especially was the state of discipline to which Cowitch had reduced his mother-in-law. That venerable old lady kept trotting back and forth all the morning, bringing drinks of water, in an old fruit can, to the assembled chieftains. Cowitch himself was dressed in buckskin trousers, a plaid red-and-white flannel shirt, and an old dress-coat with one tail. On his head was a crown, composed of crow-feathers and shirt-buttons, while his hair was plaited in two braids, and tied up with musk-rat skins. His forehead and cheeks were painted bright vermilion, and, altogether, his appearance was frightfully grotesque.

The council opened with assurances on our part of our harmlessness, and our amiable intentions toward the entire Indian race. Then Cowitch, removing his pipe, a real meerschaum with a briarwood stem, which was frequently passed round during the council, began a series of suffocated guttural sounds, whose meaning was thus interpreted by Frank:

"Cowitch says he is a good Indian. The Mojaves are bad Indians; they lie and steal, take white man's presents and grub, and then kill him. He has never killed any white man. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed three white men in the mountains. Cowitch likes the white men, and wants to be friends with them. The white man came to his country, and Cowitch was glad; but the white man would not give him pay. No pay, no clothes, no grub. Cowitch good Indian, friend to white man; but the country was his, and the white man took it away."

Without explaining to Cowitch that a tribe of six hundred Indians, who draw nothing from the land except "the grasshoppers that sport on the hillside," could hardly be allowed to monopolize over eighty thousand acres of our richest mineral land, we proceeded to state that we wished information about the camping facilities of the Pahransagat Valley. To this Cowitch replied, through Frank:

"Cowitch good Indian; but the Mojave Indians are bad Indians, who lie and steal, and take the white man's presents and grub, and then killed them. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed the white men up in the mountains. Cowitch has never killed any white men. The white man come to Cowitch and take his country, but don't pay him. He wants money or muck-a-muck for his braves; have nothing to eat, as there are no grasshoppers.—Mother-in-law, get me a drink of water."

Upon this we informed Cowitch that we were prepared to give him tobacco, and muck-a-muck, and clothes, and jewelry, in abundance, if he would only give us a guide from his tribe. Then the big chief laid down his pipe, and said:

"Cowitch will give a guide to the white man. Cowitch a good Indian, but the Mojave no good to white man. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed three white men in the mountains. The white man come to Cowitch and take his country; but, when he ask them for pay, they say 'git!'"

This unexpected variation upon the original theme struck us so pleasantly, that we proceeded to distribute Indian goods in great abundance, bestowing upon the leading squaw of Cowitch a string of green-glass buttons, which her husband afterward took away from her and appropriated to his own use. Then the council broke up. Some of the chiefs rode away, some lingered around the cooks, and others peered into the tents in the hope of stealing something. I interviewed Cowitch, in the hope of obtaining some ethnological information. The only fact of any importance which I discovered will prove interesting to those Eastern gentlemen who have been recently asserting that the Indian cannot lie. There is one exception, at least, to this rule, in the case of the Shoshone tribe, and I think it likely that I shall discover others in my progress southward.

Cowitch in private was as affable as he was dignified in public. We sat down and smoked cigarras. I endeavored to obtain from him the Shoshone equivalent of certain English words. These he declined to give, for the following logical reasons:

"White man know heap—not know Shoshone—Indian know Shoshone—white man know Shoshone, then white man all the same as Indian."

Having Frank to fall back upon, I was not bitterly disappointed. The wily Cowitch had hoped to extort a quarter from me, but I foiled him. The consciousness of this fact rendered me unusually amiable, and I beamed benignantly on the vermilion-tinged being before me. I did so wish that those of my friends who know and admire my scientific attainments could have seen me exhibiting them for the benefit of Cowitch. The compass and the deflection of the needle, the barometer, the anemometer, and the photographic camera, were all explained in detail by me to the noble aborigine, and the climax was reached when our pioneer passed by and remarked to Cowitch that I was the man who made newspapers.

I could see that Cowitch was impressed, and I mentally apostrophized the glorious power of the press which—but I will save that sentiment for the next press-dinner which I attend. Then Cowitch, with proper deference, asked me if I was a big chief.

I looked modestly conscious, and then answered boldly in the affirmative; for it was a matter of doubt, and I had a right to take any possible advantage.

Then Cowitch asked me if I had a squaw.

I told him not at present, but there was no saying what might happen, to which he assented, with the luminous observation, "Yes; heap happen," which was certainly truthful, if not profound.

Then, as a return question, I asked him if those were his squaws, and he acknowledged them. I asked him still further if he could save Mormon.

He could not, and I explained as follows:

"Mormon—tribe—over there—Salt Lake—big chief heap squaws—ten—twenty—sixty—heap squaws."

What do you suppose was this sagacious chieftain's response? I glow with delight as I write it.

"No fun—heap squaws—no fun," from which I infer that, in spite of the success of his domestic discipline, Cowitch found one mother-in-law quite sufficient.

On the whole, we parted on the best of terms. I presented him with two old kid gloves, one brown and one lavender, which he drew on with great delight, and then remarked:

"Cowitch is good Indian, but the Mojaves no good. Cowitch is a friend of the white man, and never hurt him. It was Butterfield the guide who—"

Hastily interrupting him at this point, I bade him good-by and rushed into my tent.

Cowitch himself made a grand tour of the camp, saying good-by, and shaking hands with every officer, soldier, and packer, in the party.

The last words I heard were, "It was Butterfield the guide," and the air has seemed to resound them faintly through the entire day.

It seems to me that I ought to draw some conclusions from the scenes of this day, and yet I dislike exceedingly to generalize. The Indian is a human being, and therefore capable of education and civilization. It is his right, even if he does not claim it, and it is the duty of the Government and the people to give it to him. But the development of the country is also a duty, and that philanthropy which denounces our settlers, who are hastening this work, as persecutors of the Indian, is as idiotic as it is ignorant.

"There needs no ghost come from the grave, my lord,
To tell us that;"

and yet there are those who, through a sickly sentimentality or a love of notoriety, prate about the wrongs of the noble savage, who is, generally speaking, a filthy and degraded brute. This country is too valuable to humanity to be given up to grasshopper-hunting. The conduct of our settlers is not perfect, but it does not deserve opprobrious reproach. There are Indians who are harmless, and who are unmo-
lested, to be sure, but also neglected, which is wrong. There are others who are blood-thirsty, untamed, and pitiless, and these are objects of attack, which is right. And certain would-be orators, who utter much meaningless stuff about the condition of the Indian in the East, which few people there attend to or care about, are raising a bitter feeling in the extreme West, and may produce disastrous results in the future.

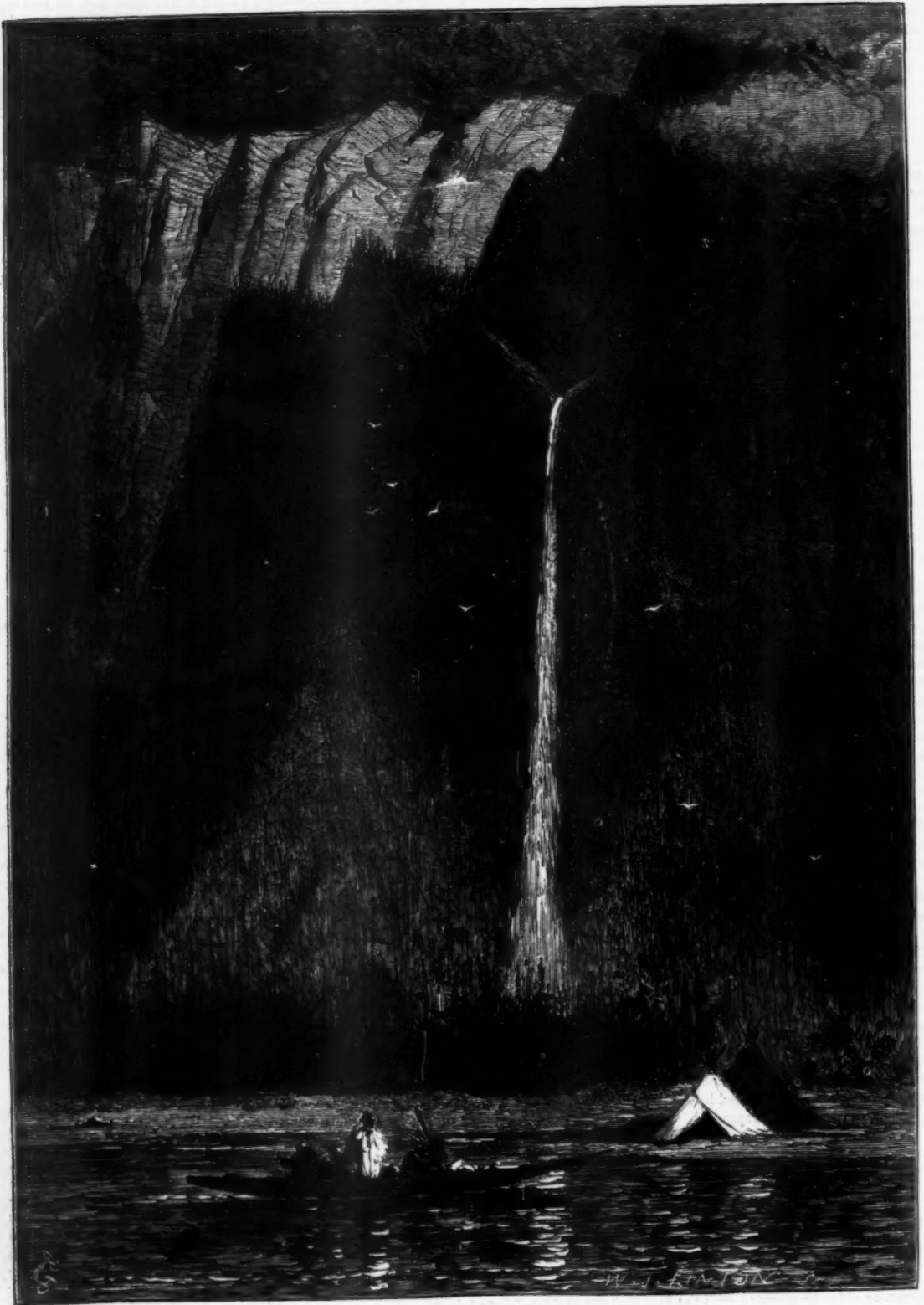
LATER.—Since Cowitch's departure, two dippers and a tin pail have been missed, together with a Roman scarf, one end of which was incautiously left hanging out of a valise. We do not complain—we are simply thankful that his eye for color prevented him from abstracting more valuable objects. And we have every confidence in the integrity and amiability of Butterfield the guide, although we have never seen him.

FRED. W. LORING.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

THE continuous range of mountains known as the Sierra Nevada in California bears the name of Cascade Range through Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia. The name originated from the numerous beautiful cascades which pour from every crevice, at every height, and sometimes even from the top of the steep bluff-sides of the gorge in these mountains, through which the mighty Columbia forces its way to pour its volume of water into the Pacific Ocean. The Columbia, which forms so large a portion of the south boundary of Washington Territory, and then traverses its whole breadth from south to north, is navigable from the mouth of the river to the lower cascades—a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. By a portage at the cascades, where there is a railroad, six miles in length, navigation is open to the Dalles, two hundred and



MULTANOMAH FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER

five miles from the ocean. At this point several miles of portage are required, when good navigation is secured to Priest's Rapids, three hundred and eighty miles. Another short portage is followed by a stretch of water for nearly a hundred miles; here another portage is succeeded by open water to a point seven hundred and twenty miles.

The Columbia has been compared to the Hudson, and, according to Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, there are some grounds for the comparison.

"Each of these rivers," says Mr. Ludlow, in his entertaining volume,* "breaks through a noble mountain-system in its passage to the sea, and the walls of its avenue are correspondingly grand. In point of variety, the banks of the Hudson far surpass those of the Columbia—trap, sandstone, granite, limestone, and slate, succeeding each other with a rapidity which presents ever new outlines to the eye of the tourist. The scenery of the Columbia, between Fort Vancouver and the Dalles, is a sublime monotone. Its banks are basaltic crags or mist-wrapped domes, averaging below the cataract from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height, and thence decreasing to the Dalles, where the escarpments, washed by the river, are low trap bluffs on a level with the steamer's walking-beam, and the mountains have retired, bare and brown, like those of the great continental basin farther south, toward Mount Hood in that direction, and Mount Adams on the north. If the Palisades were quintupled in height, domed instead of level on their upper surfaces, extended up the whole navigable course of the Hudson, and were thickly clad with evergreens wherever they were not absolutely precipitous, the Hudson would much more closely resemble the Columbia. . . . We boarded the Hunt in a dense fog, and went immediately to breakfast. With our last cup of coffee the fog cleared away, and showed us a sunny vista up the river, bordered by the columnar and mural trap formations above mentioned, with an occasional bold promontory jutting out beyond the general face of the precipice, its shaggy fell of pines and firs all afflood with sunshine to the very crown. The finest of these promontories was called Cape Horn, the river bending around it to the northeast. The channel kept mid-stream with considerable uniformity, but, now and then, as in the highland region of the Hudson, made a *détour* to avoid some bare, rocky island. Several of these islands were quite columnar, being evidently the emerged capitals of basaltic prisms, like the other uplifts on the banks. A fine instance of this formation was the stately and perpendicular 'Rooster Rock,' on the Oregon side, but not far from Cape Horn. Still another was called 'Lone Rock,' and rose from the middle of the river. These came upon our view within the first hour after breakfast, in company with a slender but graceful stream, which fell into the river over a sheer wall of basalt, seven hundred feet in height. This little cascade reminded us of Po-ho-nó, or The Bridal Veil, near the lower entrance of the Great Yosemite."

ALLITERATION.

ALLITERATION is a figure or ornament of language, chiefly used in poetry, consisting of the repetition of the same letter at certain intervals.

"Apt Alliteration's artful aid." CHURCHILL.

"Behemoth, biggest born of earth." MILTON.

"Had my sweet Harry Had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave." SHAKESPEARE.

The repeated letter is generally found at the beginning of words, though it may occur in the second and final syllables, in which case the repeated letter should fall on the accented part of the word, as in this example:

"That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey."

Dr. Thomas Brown remarks that, though alliteration itself consists in similarity of sounds, it is not indifferent on what words of the sentence the alliteration falls; and he cites the following line as an example, in which he finds resemblance and contrast, two qualities which give it peculiar point:

"Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux." POPE.

* The Heart of the Continent: a Record of Travel across the Plains and in Oregon. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

The French—for this art is by no means confined to our language—somewhat extend these definitions, a frequent recurrence of the same syllables also being counted alliterative—

"Qui refus, muse."

"Qui terre a, guerre a."

In German, alliteration is called *Buchstabenreim*, a most expressive name, which is but poorly translated by the literal rendering "letter-rhyme." Geraldus Cambrensis called alliteration *agnominatio*, whence the English word "anomination," sometimes applied to it. Herodotus, who quotes Homer, calls it *παράχρησις*. Aristotle calls it *συναπλοκαίρις*. It is evident, however, from the derivation of these Greek names, that they refer rather to what is known as *onomatopœia* (onomatopœia), or assimilation of sound to sense, a figure in which the Greek and German languages are beautifully rich. Alliteration is, in fact, naturally connected with imitative harmony, familiar examples of which exist in many languages:

From Homer:

"Βῆ δ' ἄκτωρ παρὰ κίρα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης."

From Virgil, the well-known lines:

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum"—

the peculiarity of which is only tolerably preserved in the translation:

"Shaking the mouldering plain with the tramp of the galloping horse-hoof"—

and which RED CLOUD probably renders:

"Give me a good trotting horse, and I'll run and get you some wampum!"

Another line from Virgil, which follows more closely the original definition:

"Tityre tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi."

From Racine:

"Four qui sont ces serpents qui sifflent sur nos têtes?"

And, not to neglect our own forcible tongue, this beautiful and striking example from Pope's Homer:

"Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

Although, as we have seen, this figure has been used by the most celebrated poets, both ancient and modern, there is considerable difference of opinion as to its beauty and propriety. One critic, writing on this subject, says: "Alliterations contribute more to the beauties of poetry than is generally supposed, and cannot, therefore, be deemed unworthy of a poet's regard in composition. If two words offer of equal propriety—the one alliterative, and the other not—the first ought to be chosen, if it suit the purpose in every other respect; but the beauty of alliteration, when happy, is not greater than its deformity, when affected or forced." Again: "Alliteration contributes both to sweetness and energy of versification." On the other hand, "it relates more to the technicality than to the spirit of poetry," and the effect is described as a "mechanical one, rendering the verse more easy for the organ of speech," while but little pleasure is attributed to the effect on the ear. Among French writers, alliteration meets with but little favor; some ridicule it under the name of *cacophonie*, though Michelet says alliteration and rhyme are precepts of versification more important than the number. In short, this repetition, within proper bounds, is an ornament, but, like many things, becomes a defect when excessively and injudiciously employed. It seems to be generally admitted that it greatly embellishes when it contributes to imitative harmony, as in the numerous examples already given. That this is not its only beauty, however, is evident in the following couplet from Pope, in which the two lines are singularly contrasted:

"Eternal beauties grace the shining scene—
Fields ever fresh, and groves forever green."

Sacrificing sense for the sake of alliteration is, of course, to be avoided. Thus Gray, in his exceeding love for this figure, writes:

"Eyes that glow and fangs that grin."

Descending from the poetical world to every-day language, we find alliteration playing a more important part than is generally acknowledged. So well adapted is it to catch the popular ear that proverbs and saws are rich in this figure: "Where there's a will, there's a way;" "Many men of many minds," etc. There seems to be an alliterative tendency in the formation of many of our compound words; surely, there is no adequate ground for invariably saying "milk-maid," "butcher-boy," "washer-women," and utterly ignoring the otherwise

equally good terms "milk-girl," "butcher-man," etc. Possibly, too, partiality for this figure impresses us with such appellatives as "fancy-free," "brow-beaten," "hot-headed," "hard-hearted," "heavy-headed," and the like. Many catchwords and slang expressions owe their popularity to this figure, and certainly much of the charm of our nursery-rhymes may be attributed to abundant use of this artifice. Viewed in this light, the celebrated "Peter Piper," who "picked a peck of pickled peppers," deserves to be treated with greater respect, as the offspring of a poetical figure.

Such sentences as these, "Round the rough and ragged rock the wretched rascals ran," and "Theophilus Thistlethwaite thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb," are familiar to many. This class of curiosities abounds both in French and in German, and doubtless in Italian.

Alliteration dates from a very early period; ancient Hebrew poetry furnishes us with the earliest examples, as in Psalm cxix., Lamentations iii., etc., though possibly these should be considered as *acrostical*, and not alliterative.

How the Greeks and Romans employed it, we have imperfectly developed. It frequently degenerated, however, in the middle ages, into what have been aptly called "ridiculous feats of poetical legerdemain." Thus, in 876, the monk Hughald wrote a work entitled "Ecloga de Calvis," in which every word begins with the letter C. It commences thus—

"Carmina clarissime calvis cantate Camense"—

and extends to one hundred and thirty-six lines.

Publius Porcius wrote a poem of three hundred lines, in which every word begins with the letter P; it is entitled "Pugna Porcorum, per Publium Porcium, Poetam," and contains such lines as these:

"Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono
Præcipient, Piebem, pro Patrum, pace poposcit,
Penta paulisper, Pubes preciosa precamur," etc.

The letter P probably possesses peculiar properties particularly appropriate to such poetical performances; for the Anglo-Saxon luminary Aldhelm wrote a letter to Eahfred, beginning:

"Primitus (pantorum procerum pretorumque pio potissimum paternoque præsertim, privilegio) panegyricum poemataque passim prosatori sub polo promulgantes," etc.

In the thirteenth century, a Jew named Aubonet Abraham composed an oration, every word of which began with the letter M.

This spirit of excessive alliteration dates back to very early times; for Eunius, who lived two hundred years before Christ, wrote:

"O Tite, tute, Tati, tibi, tanta, Tyraune tulisti."

Leaving the Latin tongue, we find that alliteration was common at a very early period in a great number of dialects; the Icelandic, Celtic, Gothic, Welsh, and Scandinavian poets depended much on alliteration. In German, three poems are extant, dating from the eighth and ninth centuries, all in alliterative verse.

In the Icelandic and other dialects, alliteration precedes and takes the place of rhyme. One of the earliest English poems is written in alliterative metre, without rhyme. We refer to the famous satirical allegory, ascribed to Robert or William Longlande, a secular priest of the fourteenth century, entitled "The Vision of Piers Plowman." This poem is entirely made up of alliteration and rhythmical accent, without rhyme, as is shown in the following extract:

"In a Somer Season
When soft was the Sunne
I shope me into shroubs
As I a shepe were;
In Habit as an Harmet
Unholy of werkes;
Went Wyde in thys world
Wonders to heere.
Ac on a May morwening
On Malvern hills
Me befel a ferly
Of faery me thought."

Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," remarks that the author of the poem just quoted has not invented any new mode of versification, but only retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets.

Of later English poets, Spenser, Dryden, and Gray, especially, abound in this figure. Gray has been quoted. He was very fond of verses divided into two clauses, with alliteration on the opposite sides:

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."
"Hauberk crash and helmet ring."
"Weave the warp and weave the woof."

Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, employ this ornamental figure; Southey and Poe have produced remarkable examples of that kind of alliteration connected with imitative harmony—the former, in his "Falls of Lodore;" the latter, in his "Bells."

It is a curious fact that the Kaffre language is characterized by a remarkable tendency to alliteration. We would scarcely expect to find savage tribes studying euphony; yet, "when two words stand in certain grammatical relations to each other, the initial of one is changed to that of the principal word," just as if we said in English *bunbeam* instead of *sunbeam*.

The absurd performances of Publius Porcius, Hughald, and others, are sometimes called *macaronic poetry*. Under this head, but exactly opposed to alliteration, are the works of the ancient "lipogrammatists," in which certain letters are purposely omitted. Examples of lipograms are not very numerous; the following are the most noteworthy:

Tryphiodorus wrote an "Odyssey" in twenty-four books; the first contained no *a*, the second no *β*, the third no *γ*, and so on. Fulgentius wrote a similar work. Pindar composed an ode in which *S* is omitted. Vincent Cardone, a Dominican friar, wrote a work entitled "La R sbandita sopra la potenza d'amore," in which the letter *R* was wholly discarded; it was published at Naples, in 1614, and is accounted a very rare and curious work among bibliophiles. It is rather amusing to learn that the compiler of a "Dictionnaire Historique Universelle," misunderstanding the nature of the poem, and taking *R* for the initial letter of "Religione," announced the title thus: "La Religione sbandita sopra la potenza d'amore" ("Religion discarded; or, the Power of Love").

Vincent Cardone, the author of this work, only imitated a similar one, by Horatio Fidele, beginning "Giove poiche Nettuno," and containing fifteen hundred and forty lines.

Tryphiodorus also found an imitator, in the author of "L'Alfabeto distrutto."

The voluminous Spanish writer Lope de Vega wrote five novels in which the vowels are successively rejected. The historian Gregorio Leti presented a discourse to the Academy of Humorists at Rome, in which the letter *R* was wanting; a friend, who requested a copy, was favored with a letter, seven pages in length, in which the same peculiarity was observed.

The following amusing anecdote is related by Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature":

"A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a sonnet of his own composition, which the latter did not like. The writer informed Jami that it was, nevertheless, a curiosity, for the letter *Alif* was not to be found in any one of the words. Whereupon Jami sarcastically replied: 'You can do better yet—take away all the letters from every word you have written!'"

The concluding alliterative poem is probably the most ingenious specimen existing in the language. We are ignorant of the name of the author, and would gladly be informed of it:

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid mard'rous mines;
Now nexious-noisy numbers, noting naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory! vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeus's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!"

H. CARRINGTON BOLTON.

VAMPIRES AND GHOULS.

THESE gentry are not yet quite dead. At least, the belief in them still lingers in some country-districts; while in South-eastern Europe and Southwestern Asia the credence prevails among whole tribes, and even nations. There appears to be no essential difference between the European vampire and the Asiatic ghoul—a sort of demon, delighting to animate the bodies of dead persons, and feed upon their blood. It is believed that the superstition has existed in the Levant since the time of the ancient Greeks; but among that artistic people the vampire was a *lamia*—a beautiful woman, who allured youths to her, and then fed upon their young flesh and blood. Be that as it may, the Byzantine Christians, after the time of Constantine, entertained a belief that the bodies of those who died excommunicated were kept by an emissary of the Evil One, who endowed them with a sort of life, sufficient to enable them to go forth at night from their graves, and feast on other men. The only way to get rid of these passive agents of mischief was to dig the bodies up from the graves, disexcommunicate them, and bury them.

William of Newbury, who lived in the twelfth century, narrates that in Buckinghamshire a man appeared several times to his wife after he had been buried. The archdeacon and clergy, on being applied to, thought it right to ask the advice of the bishop of the diocese, as to the proper course to be pursued. He advised that the body should be burned—the only cure for vampires. On opening the grave, the corpse was found to be in the same state as when interred—a property, we are told, generally possessed by vampires.

The most detailed vampire-stories belong to the Danubian and Greek countries. Tournefort describes a scene that came under his personal notice in Greece. A peasant of Mycone was murdered in the fields in the year 1701. He had been a man of quarrelsome, ill-natured disposition—just the sort of man, according to the current belief of the peasantry, to be haunted by vampires after death. Two days after his burial, it was noised abroad that he had been seen to walk in the night with great haste, overturning people's goods, putting out their lights, pinching them, and playing them strange pranks. The rumor was so often repeated that at length the priests avowed their belief in its truth. Masses were said in the chapels, and ceremonies were performed, having for their object to drive out the vampire that inhabited the dead man. On the tenth day after the burial, a mass was said, the body was disinterred, and the heart taken out. Frankincense was burned to ward off infection; but the by-standers insisted on the smoke of the frankincense being a direct emanation from the dead body—a sure sign, according to popular belief, of vampirism. They burned the heart on the sea-shore—the conventional way of getting rid of vampires. Still this did not settle the matter. Positive statements went the round of the village that the dead man was still up to all kinds of mischief, beating people in the night, breaking down doors, unroofing houses, shaking windows. The matter became serious. Many of the inhabitants were so thoroughly frightened and panic-stricken as to flee; while those who remained nearly lost all self-control. They debated; they fasted; they made processions through the village; they sprinkled the doors of the houses with holy water; they speculated as to whether mass had been properly said, and the heart properly burned. At length, they resolved to burn the body itself; they collected plenty of wood, pitch, and tar, and carried out their plan. Tournefort (who had found it necessary to be cautious as to expressing his incredulity) states that no more was heard of the supposed vampire.

In the year 1725, on the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, a vampire-story arose, which was renewed afterward in a noteworthy way. A peasant of Madveiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death by the fall of a wagon-load of hay. Thirty days afterward, four persons died, with all the symptoms (according to popular belief) of their blood having been sucked by vampires. Some of the neighbors remembered having heard Arnold say that he had often been tormented by a vampire; and they jumped to a conclusion that the passive vampire had now become active. This was in accordance with a kind of formula or theorem on the subject—that a man who, when alive, has had his blood sucked by a vampire, will, after his death, deal with other persons in like manner. The neighbors exhumed Arnold Paul, drove a stake through the heart, cut off the head, and burned the body. The bodies of the four persons who had

recently died were treated in a similar way, to make surety doubly sure. Nevertheless, even this did not suffice. In 1782, seven years after these events, seventeen persons died in the village near about one time. The memory of the unlucky Arnold recurred to the villagers; the vampire-theory was again appealed to; he was believed to have dealt with the seventeen as he had previously dealt with the four; and they were therefore disinterred, and the heads cut off, the hearts staked, the bodies burned, and the ashes dispersed. One supposition was, that Arnold had vampirized some cattle, that the seventeen villagers had eaten of the beef, and had fallen victims in consequence. This affair attracted much attention at the time. Louis XV. directed his ambassador at Vienna to make inquiries in the matter. Many of the witnesses attested on oath that the disinterred bodies were full of blood, and exhibited few of the usual symptoms of death—indications which the believers in vampires stoutly maintained to be always present in such cases. This has induced many physicians to think that real cases of catalepsy or trance were mixed up with the popular belief, and were supplemented by a large allowance of epidemic fanaticism.

In Epirus and Thessaly there is a belief in living vampires—men who leave their shepherd dwellings by night, and roam about, biting and tearing men and animals. In Moldavia the traditional *pricolitich*, and in Wallachia the *muroni*, must be somewhat remarkable beings. They are real living men, who become dogs at night, with the backbone prolonged to form a sort of tail; they roam through the villages, delighting to kill cattle.

Calmet, in his curious work relating to the marvels of the phantom-world, quotes a letter which was written in 1738, and which added one to the long list of vampire-stories belonging to the Danubian provinces: "We have just had in this part of Hungary a scene of vampirism, duly attested by two officials of the tribunal of Belgrade, who went down to the places specified, and by an officer of the emperor's troops at Graditz, who was an ocular witness of the proceedings. At the beginning of September, there died in the village of Kisilony, three leagues from Graditz, a man sixty-two years of age. Three days after his burial, he appeared in the night to his son, and asked for something to eat. The son having given him something, he ate and disappeared. The next day the son recounted to his neighbors what had occurred. That night the father did not appear; but on the following night he showed himself, and asked again for food. They do not know whether the son gave him any on that occasion or not; but on the following day the son was found dead in his bed. On that same day five or six persons in the village fell suddenly ill, and died, one after another, in a few days." The villagers resolved to open the grave of the old man, and examine the body; they did so, and declared that the symptoms presented were such as usually pertain to vampirism—eyes open, fresh color, etc. The executioner drove a stake into the heart, and reduced the body to ashes. All the other persons recently dead were similarly exhumed; but, as they did not exhibit the suspicious symptoms, they were quietly reinterred.

One theory in that part of Europe is, that an illegitimate son of parents, both of whom are illegitimate, is peculiarly likely to become a vampire. If a dead body is supposed to be vampirized, it is taken up; should the usual symptoms of decay present themselves, the case is supposed to be a natural one, and the body is sprinkled with holy water by the priest; but, should the freshness above adverted to appear, the ordeal of destruction is at once decided on. In some parts of Wallachia, skilled persons are called in to prevent a corpse from becoming a vampire by various charms, as well as by the rougher and coarser plan of driving a nail through the head. One charm is, to rub the body in various places with the lard of a pig killed on St. Ignatius's Day; another is, to lay by the side of the body a stick made of the stem of a wild-rose. Some of the vampirized persons are believed, when they emerge from their graves at night, not to go about in human form, but as dogs, cats, frogs, toads, fleas, lice, bugs, spiders, etc., sucking the blood of living persons by biting them in the back or neck. This belief forcibly suggests one remark: that, as the peasantry in those parts of Europe are woefully deficient in cleanliness of person, clothing, and bedding, nothing is more likely than that they are bitten at night by some of the smaller creatures above named, without the assistance of any vampire.

Mr. Pashley, in his "Travels in Crete," states that when he was at the town of Asklyo, he asked about the vampires or *katakhanadhes*, as the Cretans called them—of whose existence and doings he

had heard many recitals, stoutly corroborated by the peasantry. Many of the stories converged toward one central fact, which Mr. Pashley believed had given origin to them all. On one occasion a man of some note was buried at St. George's Church at Kalikrati, in the island of Crete. An arch or canopy was built over his grave. But he soon afterward made his appearance as a vampire, haunting the village, and destroying men and children. A shepherd was one day tending his sheep and goats near the church, and, on being caught in a shower, went under the arch to seek shelter from the rain. He determined to pass the night there, laid aside his arms, and stretched himself on a stone to sleep. In placing his fire-arms down (gentle shepherds of pastoral poems do not want fire-arms; but the Cretans are not gentle shepherds), he happened to cross them. Now, this crossing was always believed to have the effect of preventing a vampire from emerging from the spot where the emblem was found. Thereupon occurred a singular debate. The vampire rose in the night, and requested the shepherd to remove the fire-arms in order that he might pass, as he had some important business to transact. The shepherd, inferring from this request that the corpse was the identical vampire which had been doing so much mischief, at first refused his assent; but, on obtaining from the vampire a promise on oath that he would not hurt him, the shepherd moved the crossed arms. The vampire, thus enabled to rise, went to a distance of two miles, and killed two persons, a man and a woman. On his return, the shepherd saw some indication of what had occurred, which caused the vampire to threaten him with a similar fate if he divulged what he had seen. He courageously told all, however. The priest and other persons came to the spot next morning, took up the corpse (which in daytime was as lifeless as any other) and burned it. While burning, a little spot of blood spurted on the shepherd's foot, which instantly withered away; but otherwise no evil resulted, and the vampire was effectually destroyed. This was certainly a very peculiar vampire-story; for the coolness with which the corpse and the shepherd carried on their conversation under the arch was unique enough. Nevertheless, the persons who narrated the affair to Mr. Pashley firmly believed in its truth, although slightly differing in their versions of it.

This superstition appears to be closely connected with that of the were-wolf, which sometimes presents very terrible features. Medical men give the name of lycanthropy to a kind of monomania which lies at the bottom of all the were-wolf stories. In popular interpretation, a were-wolf is a man or woman who has been changed into the form of a wolf, either to gratify a taste for human flesh and blood, or as a divine punishment. The Reverend Baring-Gould narrates the history of Marshal de Retz, a noble, brave, and wealthy man of the time of Charles VII. in France. He was sane and reasonable in all matters save one; but in that one he was a terrible being. He delighted in putting young and delicate children to death, and then destroying them, without (so far as appears) wishing to put the flesh or the blood to his lips. In the course of a lengthened trial which brought his career to an end, the truth came to light that he had destroyed eight hundred children in seven years. There was neither accusation nor confession about a wolf here; it was a man afflicted with a morbid propensity of a dreadful kind. Somewhat different was the case of Jean Grenier, in 1603. He was a herd-boy, aged fourteen, who was brought before a tribunal at Bordeaux on a most extraordinary charge. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, accused him of having attacked them under the guise of a wolf. The charge was strange, but the confession was still stranger; for the boy declared that he had killed and eaten several children, and the fathers of those children asserted the same thing. Grenier was said to be half an idiot; if so, his idiocy on the one hand, and the superstitious ignorance of the peasantry on the other, may perchance supply a solution to the enigma. One of the most extraordinary cases on record occurred in France in 1849, the facts being brought to light before a court-martial, presided over by Colonel Manselton. Many of the cemeteries near Paris were found to have been entered in the night, graves opened, coffins disturbed, and dead bodies strewed around the place in a torn and mangled condition. This was so often repeated, and in so many cemeteries, that great anguish and terror were spread among the people. A strict watch was kept. Some of the patrols or police of the cemeteries thought they saw a figure several times flitting about among the graves, but could never quite satisfy themselves on the matter. Surgeons were examined, to ascertain whether it was the work of the class of men who used in England to be called resurrectionists, or body-snatchers; but they all declared that the wild, reckless mutila-

tion was of another character. Again was a strict watch kept; a kind of man-trap was contrived at a part of the wall of Père-la-Chaise cemetery, which appeared as if it had been frequently scaled. A sort of grenade connected with the man-trap was heard to explode; the watch fired their guns; some one was seen to flee quickly; and then they found traces of blood, and a few fragments of military clothing at one particular spot. Next day, it became publicly known that a non-commissioned officer of the Seventy-fourth Regiment had returned wounded to the barracks in the middle of the night, and had been conveyed to a military hospital. Further inquiry led to the revelation of the fact that Sergeant Bertrand, of the regiment here named, was the unhappy cause of all the turmoil. He was in general demeanor kind and gentle, frank and gay; and nothing but a malady of a special kind could have driven him to the commission of such crimes as those with which he was charged, and which his own confession helped to confirm. He described the impulse under which he acted as being irresistible, altogether beyond his own control; it came upon him about once a fortnight. He had a terrible consciousness while under its influence, and yet he could not resist. The minute details which he gave to the tribunal of his mode of proceeding at the cemeteries might suit those who like to sup on horrors, but may be dispensed with here. Suffice it to say that he aided by his confession to corroborate the charge; that he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; and that eminent physicians of Paris endeavored to restore the balance of his mind during his quiet incarceration.

Fifty years ago, vampire literature had a temporary run of public favor. "The Vampire, or the Bride of the Isles," a drama, and "The Vampire," a melodrama in two acts, were presented at the London theatres: the hero being enacted by some performer who had the art of making himself gaunt and ghastly on occasions. There was also a story under the same title, purporting to be by Lord Byron, which attracted considerable notice. The form of the superstition chiefly prevalent in modern Greece is, that vampires, notwithstanding all the means used to destroy their bodies, will resume their shape, and recommence their mischievous wanderings, as soon as the rays of moonlight fall on their graves. This serves as the foundation of the tale in question. But Lord Byron repudiated it. In a characteristic letter to Galignani, he said: "If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honors; if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own." The authorship was afterward claimed by another writer, who stated that the idea of the tale had been suggested to his mind by something he had met with in Byron.

EVA'S TEARS.

OVER a little mound

Poor Eva stooped and mourned, day after day.
They told her she would mourn her life away;
The summer sunlight fell upon her hair,
And still her sobs went shivering through the air—
A sad, low sound.

And still poor Eva wept.

"My child is dead!" she moaned, "my little one,
I cannot bear to live my life alone—
My child is dead!" she moaned and moaned again,
Until, worn out by many nights of pain,
Poor Eva slept.

And in her sleep she dreamed.

'Twas Paradise, she said, and to and fro
Passed angels radiant with bliss, and, lo!
Her own lost child moved slowly through the band;
He bore a burden in his little hand,
Heavy it seemed—

A vase both large and deep.

"What bearest thou, my dearest one?" asked she.
"My mother's tears," he answered, wearily.
Eva awoke. The sun smiled on the flowers,
But never more through all the lonely hours
Did Eva weep.

MARY TOWLE

TABLE-TALK.

OUR people know so little of the history of their own country, though we have two or three hundred colleges where the youth of the republic are taught the history of the Greeks and Romans, that it is easy for the newspapers to impose upon them the delusion that their government is horribly corrupt, and that the country is always rapidly going to the dogs, and that despotism is our inevitable destiny. They are also always ready to believe that in "the good old times"—that is to say, thirty or forty years ago—every thing was lovely and serene, the statesmen enlightened, the judges wise and honest, and the national legislation pure and salutary. It may be well, therefore, to relieve the anxiety of those who mourn the degeneracy of the times, to take a look occasionally at what our fathers have left on record concerning themselves. A note written by the wise and virtuous Chancellor Kent, on March 18, 1835, has recently been published, in which he records an interview and conversation with Judge Story, one of the purest and most thoughtful of our judicial sages. In that conversation, here was what Judge Story thought of our political condition: "He says all sensible men at Washington, in private conversation, admit that the Government is deplorably weak, factious, and corrupt; that every thing is sinking down into despotism, under the guise of a democratic government. He says the Supreme Court is sinking, and so is the judiciary of every State. We began with first-rate men for judicial trusts, and we have now got down to the third-rate. In twenty-five years there will not be a judge in the United States who will not be elective; and for short periods, and on slender salaries. Our constitutions were all framed for man as he *should be*, and not for man as *he is* and *ever will be*. The Senate of the United States are discouraged. There are twenty men in that Senate who are as wise and patriotic as any sages of the Roman Senate, and last year they sustained the Constitution against the President and his collared House of Representatives, and yet *public opinion* remains unmoved, and not shaken, and equally devoted to tyranny and corruption." This, it will be remembered, was said in the palmy days of Andrew Jackson, when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and the rest of the "giants" of our mythology, were our popular leaders. We may safely conclude that, unless our people learn to study their own history more, and that of the Greeks and Romans less, we shall have even sensible men, like Judge Story, declaring, in 1900, that the Government is "deplorably weak, factious, and corrupt; that we are on the verge of a despotism; that the courts are degraded, and that the people are enamoured of 'tyranny and corruption.' And they will doubtless look back with regret to the good old times of 1871, when everybody was pure and patriotic!

— It is a suggestive incident that, on what is doubtless the very eve of the adoption of the ballot by the English Parliament, one who was for many years its foremost and most persistent advocate should pass away.

In the very week when the bill for this object was set down for debate in the House of Commons, George Grote died, leaving behind him not only the noblest history of Greece and exposition of the Socratic school extant, but the memory of his annual motions in Parliament in favor of the only possible safeguard of electoral freedom. On one famous night in the House, Grote made a speech on the ballot, which compared not unfavorably with one which immediately succeeded it, wherein the rich antithetical eloquence of Macaulay supported the measure. Grote declared the right of a free expression of opinion, on the part of electors, to be the most deeply rooted of English national convictions, and proceeded to say: "To convert this right from a cherished conviction into a useful reality, is the charm and the virtue of the ballot." More than thirty years later, as he lay dying, he could see that the Legislature had at last become persuaded of this truth, and was resolved upon adopting his cherished measure. To adopt the ballot in England will be a revolutionary act; it will shake the foundations of the British aristocratic caste as no Disraelian "leap in the dark," or Gladstonian Irish disestablishment, or Cobdenite free trade, has done. It will be a direct, and, not improbably, a fatal blow at the remaining political power of the aristocratic and landlord class. Only those who have seen the influence of this class at work, on the English soil itself, can understand how great it is, and how serious a misfortune to it the ballot will be. Englishmen at present vote at the elections *vis à vis*. They pass up to the hustings and declare their choice aloud. Thus the landlords possessing the large estates, which they rent out in small farms to a dependent tenantry, and the manufacturers, who supply hundreds of artisans with work, know just how they vote. England is a "right little, tight little island;" land is scarce; there are thousands more farmers than there are farms. So, too, there are thousands more mechanics than there are looms to work at, thousands more colliers than there are mines to dig in. A man who has a farm, a loom, a mine section, at which to earn his bread, "grapples it to his soul with hooks of steel"—clings to it as a drowning man to a straw. The case is desperate if he loses it; starvation is not a remote consequence of eviction or dismissal. Thus the landlord or the manufacturer becomes a despot, and can with impunity (despite the intimidation laws, which are found ineffectual) dictate how the tenants and operatives shall vote. "Vote as I say," he commands, "or go." The poor fellow is fain to take the less heroic but more substantially bread-securing alternative. The ballot will stand between master and man, and make the former powerless, while it confers upon the latter political freedom. Secret voting will inevitably set free more than a million British electors who are now enthralled in electoral slavery. It will go far to throw into the hands of the lower classes the political power which the reform of 1832 gave to the middle class. It will hasten the revolution which is going on in the direction of republican institutions. It can hardly fail to hasten the downfall of the House of Lords and the established Church, the last strongholds of the old feudal caste

which has upheld landlord rule so long by ancient unrepealed feudal statutes.

—"The peasants will never desert us!" was the hopeful refrain of the Bonapartists, when, a few weeks since, their cause seemed most gloomy. Napoleon always looked to his loyal, bookless peasants when Paris defied him, and the great cities ominously voted by large majorities for his enemies. The ignorant farmers who, anxious only to cultivate their little farms in peace, desired above all things the *status quo*, were sure to swamp the Chamber with his devoted partisans. The recent elections, which returned one hundred and forty new deputies to the Assembly, must have sadly broken in upon the patient and hopeful repose of Chiselhurst. For by far the larger part of them were country elections, whither the peasants flocked eagerly to cast their votes. Out of this one hundred and forty, twelve Bonapartists only were chosen. All but twenty were republicans, who, on reaching Versailles, will convert the republican force there into a clear majority. In truth, this vote has taken the world by surprise. That the peasants of France should choose a system which the European governing classes have always dreaded as inevitable anarchy, is beyond the diplomatic and official comprehension. Then it was supposed that at least M. Thiers, who had concluded a humiliating peace, had fired on Paris, and had put down Frenchmen by force of arms, would be disavowed, and his miserable work done, would be disdainfully cast aside. But M. Thiers turns out to be the most popular man in the country; the republicans elected are Thiers republicans, ready to support him as long as he stands by his pledge to maintain the republic inviolate. There is really hope for France. These elections seem to give promise of a coming regeneration, a new and better era. They seem to prove a chastened moderation, working throughout the land. The old, false glare of imperialism, with its pretended "order," its gift of "security," no longer dazzles even the Breton peasant, or the Gironde vine-grower. Despite the priestly influence, Bourbonism is yet feeble, and the rustics pass by the white banner with the *fleurs-de-lis*, to bow before the tricolor of the Revolution. The promises of an imported English constitutionalism, held out by the Orleans princes, have not been heeded. If France will continue in the path on which she now seems to be moving, she may astonish the world by a self-conquest more glorious than the victory of the Germans, which, with the genius of her people, will enable her quickly to resume her place among the leaders of civilization. But thoughts of revenge, of reconquest, must be abandoned; and, indeed, we think we see in the recent events a prospect that such ideas may cease to have sway. The peasant hates war; it disturbs his material prosperity, it robs the country of its sturdy sinews and muscles, it brings chaos where he desires tranquillity, it drains his purse, it brings him no possible benefit. Let the peasant, therefore, support a republican government; let him have the power freely to vote for representatives who will reflect his wishes; let France be self-governing and secure, by peasant votes, from the intrigues of

princes and dynasties; there can be but little doubt that her Assemblies will then reflect the peasant yearning for peace with other nations, and for order and security at home.

— Several months since, among a few suggestions offered in these columns in regard to a revision of our city architecture, so that the upper stories of our business structures could be utilized as residences, we mentioned the practicability of having gardens on our roofs. Since that occasion, Mr. Charles Reade, in his letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in reference to the defects of London domestic architecture, has advanced the same idea. But Mr. Reade, as in our own case, had in view simply the ornamenting of the roof-spaces, which now lie idly in the sun, so that they might afford places of agreeable resort in the cool of the evening. But why might not these unused roofs be turned to a profitable as well as ornamental account by the construction of graperies upon them? All our buildings erected of later years have the flat roof, and hence no change in the construction of the building would be necessary in order to carry out the design we suggest. A narrow border of earth, say three feet wide, running along each side and at each end of the building, with a similar strip down the centre for two rows of vines on a centre trellis, would give on a small building, twenty by fifty; two hundred and forty feet of surface for vines. This would make a graperie of very good size. The vines could be planted for simply open-air culture, or under glass for cold or hot-house cultivation. Of course, full provision would have to be made for thoroughly watering the plants; but we can think of no serious obstacle to the success of roof-gardens such as we suggest. The experimenter might test General Pleasanton's recent discovery in regard to the stimulating effect of light through violet-colored glass. It would not be necessary, of course, to confine the culture to grapes. A great deal of attention is now directed in this country to silk-worm raising; and these roof-gardens might be turned to excellent account for this purpose. The *ailantus*-feeder, as we fully described in articles in the *JOURNAL* about a year ago, needs no care or attention beyond being protected from birds by means of nets; in cold, rain, through all changes of atmosphere, it exacts no consideration or thought. Some person, no doubt, acting upon this idea, would prefer solely the ornamental flower-garden for their roofs; but, to whatever exact purpose this airy horticulture might be devoted, it would be converting into practical use a vast unused area. One can easily see what a picturesque and pleasing feature would thus be added to our domestic architecture. Young ladies, who need so much more open-air life than they now obtain, would discover in these aerial gardens excellent opportunity for wholesome out-of-door occupation. It would not be a bad notion for some of our horticultural societies to offer a handsome prize to that young lady who grew the finest grapes on her roof-garden.

— The blondes of to-day, whether or not we may say of them as *Viola* did of *Olivia's* beauty, "Excellently done, if God did

all," will be surprised perhaps to learn that the red hair of the Venetian ladies, made so famous by the poets and painters, was commonly as artificial as most of the light hair is of to-day. But, if our modern belles were compelled to take half the pains to secure the fashionable hue for their locks that the Venetian ladies did, we imagine that the blond style of beauty would not long retain its favor. According to the account of a writer of the sixteenth century (*Cesare Vellio*), we learn that "the houses of Venice are commonly crowned with little constructions in wood resembling a turret without a roof. It is in these that the Venetian women may be seen as often, and indeed oftener, than in their chambers; it is there that, with their heads exposed to the full ardor of the sun, during whole days they strain every nerve to augment their charms, as if they needed it. . . . During the hours when the sun darts its most vertical and scorching rays, they repair to these boxes, and condemn themselves to broil in them unattended. Seated there they keep on wetting their hair with a sponge dipped in some elixir of youth, prepared with their own hands or purchased. They moisten their hair afresh as fast as it is dried by the sun, and it is by the unceasing renewal of this operation that they become what you see them—*blondes*. When engaged in it they throw over their ordinary dress a *peignoir* of the finest white silk, which they call a *schia-ronetta*. They wear on their heads a straw hat without a crown, so that the hair drawn through the opening may be spread upon the borders; this hat, doing double duty as a drying line for the hair and a parasol to protect the neck, is called a *solana*. In winter, when the sun failed, they wetted and dried their hair before the fire." Imagine this slow torture, ladies, and thank Fortune you can now obey the caprices of fashion without so severe a demand upon your powers of endurance.

Literary Notes.

UNDERWOOD'S "Hand-book of English Literature, for the Use of High-schools," published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, is a very desirable addition to the educational means of the country. It is a handsomely-printed crown octavo, selling for two dollars and a half, and containing carefully-made selections from the whole range of English literature, adapted to the comprehension and the tastes of students between thirteen and twenty years of age, excluding every thing indelicate, or too learned or too abstruse, or confined to any special science, and also all parts of dramas. Specimens are given of every author of note from Chaucer to our own day. To the specimens of each author is prefixed a brief biographical notice; and the work has an historical introduction upon the elements and sources of our language. The compiler left Shakespeare and other dramatists for private reading, believing that no one scene or act could be read with profit by itself, and that a selection from Shakespeare's plays should be read *entire*. Of the earlier poets, many were omitted because their best productions are exclusively, extravagantly amatory; this will account for the absence of a few well-known names. Other well-known authors have been

omitted from a conviction that they are intrinsically dull, and have been kept in reading-books from other reasons than their merits. Of the authors that may be termed *verrifiable*, such as Milton, Macaulay, Goldsmith, Pope, and a few others, liberal specimens are given, often more than twenty pages at a time; to those distinguished for some single production, frequently only a single page is given. The authors are arranged in chronological order, beginning with Chaucer. There are no divisions of chapters, etc., and no "directions" for reading—this work not being for elocutionary practice, but for the study of literature. There is no classification of subjects; so that the natural succession brings a pleasing variety. Mr. Underwood's book is meeting with general commendation from the press and the heads of the educational branches in Boston, for whom it was especially prepared. The principal and all the masters of the famous Latin School in Boston, as well as of the English High-school, have published strong recommendations of it.

It is a good sign of the times, we think, that the popular novels written by women, and read chiefly by women, are growing steadily better both in sentiment and in power, and are superseding the vile and weak productions that were current a short time ago. Among the new novels of the season that merit this commendation we may name "*Vera*," "*Vivia*," "*Nigel Bartram's Ideal*," "*James Gordon's Wife*," and "*Almost Faultless*." These are all well written and interesting novels, and, what is still better, singularly pure and elevated in tone. No parent need hesitate to place them in the hands of a daughter, and no one can read them without being instructed as well as amused.

Mrs. Stowe's "*Pink and White Tyranny*" is not a novel in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a satire on the fashionable feminine follies of the day, in which the cultured, virtuous, and respectable old-fashioned society of New England is contrasted with the coarse and gaudy "shoddy" aristocracy of our great cities and fashionable watering-places. The contrast is drawn with great skill and power, and with a good deal of pathos and some humor, and the book, if not a novel, has all the interest of one. It has also an excellent and much-needed moral, and its wide circulation cannot fail to be productive of great good.

A new edition of APPLETON'S *EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOK* has just been issued, which brings all the facts of European travel down to the present season. The compiler especially visited all the scenes of the late war, and has included descriptions of the movements of the armies, the battles, etc., with the present condition of the cities attacked or besieged. Paris is also described as it is. Numerous fine steel engravings of cities and famous structures have been added, and hence this work is now of greatly-enhanced value to the traveller.

A patriotic Mecklenburger has published a pamphlet in which he asserts that his little native state has given birth to a comparatively larger number of distinguished men than any other country. He enumerates in that book the names of one hundred and eighty-five living Mecklenburgers who have published books, and among whom are the greatest novelist of Germany, Fritz Reuter, and the most popular of the younger German dramatists, Adolph Wilbrandt. He reminds his readers also of the fact that Moltke, the great captain, is a native of Parchim, in Mecklenburg.

Oscar von Redwitz's "Song of the German Empire" is unanimously praised by the German critics as one of the finest epics that grace the literature of the country. It consists of upward of five hundred sonnets, and this form of the epic added greatly to the difficulty of the composition. Among the personages figuring in the poem is "Our Fritz."

It has been ascertained that the whole compensation which Henry Heine, the eminent German poet and humorist, received from his publishers, Hoffman & Campe, in Hamburg, amounted to less than thirty-four thousand dollars. They are believed to have realized a handsome fortune from Heine's inimitable "Pictures of Travel" alone.

Blörnson, the Norwegian novelist, and the most popular author in his native country, had to publish most of his works at his own expense, but is quite well off now. He receives a comfortable salary as a preacher of a village church near Drontheim, and his copyrights now yield him about five thousand dollars a year.

Mosenthal, the author of "Leah," the German play which is said to have been performed in the last twenty years more frequently than the work of any other German dramatist, has written a new play entitled "Maria Morsaine," which is reported to be superior to any of his previous writings.

Albert Wolf, the German journalist, who, previous to the war, was one of the leading editors of the Paris *Figaro*, has excited much indignation in his native country by applying to President Adolphe Thiers for French naturalization papers. It is said that Offenbach, the composer, has made the same application.

The philologists of Germany are in mourning over the death of the illustrious Immanuel Bekker, one of the greatest Greek scholars of the age, who died recently at Berlin. One of the great works of his long and laborious life was the "Anecdota Græca," which was published in forty large volumes.

In the German empire book-publishers, who a few months ago were greatly discouraged, have recently done a somewhat better business, and, in consequence, quite a large number of important new works have been announced for the fall trade.

It is a little curious that, while the book-trade in German Austria for a year past has been very dull, it has been more flourishing than ever before in Hungary.

Guizot, the most untiring of authors, is hard at work upon a book treating of the moral condition of France under the July monarchy and the second empire.

An Austrian publisher announces an edition of Schiller's complete works, on fair paper, and printed in legible type, which will be sold at twenty cents per copy.

Some unpublished essays and fragments by Spinoza have been discovered at the library of Loewen (Louvain). They will be published in the next issue of the *Bataavian Review*.

The new volume of poems, which the King of Sweden is about to issue, will be entitled "Peace and War Songs of the Northmen."

A Cairo (Egypt) paper publishes Disraeli's "Lothair," in its *feuilleton*.

Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, is henceforth to edit the Paris *Opinion Nationale*.

Scientific Notes.

A New View of Darwinism.

A LETTER to *Nature*, by Henry H. Howorth, gives a new view of Darwinism. He says:

"I cannot dispute the validity and completeness of many of Mr. Darwin's proofs to account for individual cases of variation and isolated changes of form. Within the limits of these proofs it is impossible to deny his position. But, when he leaves these individual and often highly-artificial cases, and deduces a general law from them, it is quite competent for me to quote examples of a much wider and more general occurrence that tell the other way. In this communication I shall confine myself to Mr. Darwin's theory, and shall not trespass upon the doctrine of evolution, with which it is not to be confounded.

"The theory of natural selection has been expressively epitomized as 'the persistence of the stronger,' 'the survival of the stronger.' Sexual selection, which Mr. Darwin adduces in his last work as the cause of many ornamental and other appendages whose use in the struggle for existence is not very obvious, is only a by-path of the main conclusion. Unless by the theory of the struggle for existence is meant the purely identical expression that those forms of life survive which are best adapted to survive, I take it that it means, in five words, the persistence of the stronger.

"Among the questions which stand at the very threshold of the whole inquiry, and which I have overlooked in Mr. Darwin's books, if it is to be found there, is a discussion of the causes which produce sterility and those which favor fertility in races. He, no doubt, discusses with ingenuity the problem of the sterility of mules, and of crosses between different races; but I have nowhere met with the deeper and more important discussion of the general causes that induce or check the increase of races. The facts upon which I rely are very commonplace, and are furnished by the smallest plot of garden, or the narrowest experience in breeding domestic animals. The gardener who wants his plants to blossom and fruit takes care that they shall avoid a vigorous growth. He knows that this will inevitably make them sterile, that either his trees will only bear distorted flowers, that they will have no seed, or bear no blossoms at all. In order to induce flowers and fruit, the gardener checks the growth and vigor of the plant by pruning its roots or its branches, depriving it of food, etc.; and, if he have a stubborn pear or peach tree, which has long refused to bear fruit, he adopts the hazardous, but often most successful, plan of ringing its bark. The large, fleshy melons or oranges have few seeds in them. The shrivelled starvelings that grow on decaying branches are full of seed. And the rule is universally recognized among gardeners as applying to all kinds of cultivated plants, that, to make them fruitful, it is necessary to check their growth and to weaken them. The law is no less general among plants in a state of nature, where the individuals growing in rich soil, and which are well-conditioned and growing vigorously, have no flowers, while the starved and dying on the sandy, sterile soil are scattering seed everywhere.

"On turning to the animal kingdom, we find the law no less true. 'Fat hens won't lay,' is an old fragment of philosophy. The breeder of sheep and pigs and cattle knows very well that, if his ewes and sows and cows are not kept lean, they will not breed; and, as a startling example, I am told that, to induce

Alderney cows, which are bad breeders, to be fertile, they are actually bled, and so reduced in condition. Mr. Doubleday, who wrote an admirable work in answer to Malthus, to which I am very much indebted, has adduced overwhelming evidence to show that what is commonly known to be true of plants and animals is especially true of man. He has shown how individuals are affected by generous diet and good living, and also how classes are so affected. For the first time, so far as I know, he showed why population is thin and the increase small in countries where flesh and strong food is the ordinary diet, and large and increasing rapidly where fish or vegetable, or other weak food, is in use; that everywhere the rich, luxurious, and well-fed classes are rather diminishing in numbers, or stationary, while the poor, under-fed, and hard-worked, are very fertile. The facts are exceedingly numerous in support of this view, and shall be quoted in your pages if the result is disputed. This was the cause of the decay of the luxurious power of Rome, and of the cities of Mesopotamia. These powers succumbed, not to the exceptional vigor of the barbarians, but to the fact that their populations had diminished, and were rapidly being extinguished from internal causes, of which the chief was the growing sterility of their inhabitants.

"The same cause operated to extinguish the Tasmanians and other savage tribes which have decayed and died out when brought into contact with the luxuries of civilization, notwithstanding every effort having been made to preserve them. In a few cases only have the weak tribes been supplanted by the strong, or weaker individuals by stronger; the decay has been internal, and of remoter origin. It has been luxury, and not want—too much vigor, and not too little—that has eviscerated and destroyed the race. If this law, then, be universal both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—a law, too, which does not operate on individuals and in isolated cases only, but universally—it is surely incumbent upon the supporters of the doctrine of natural selection, as propounded by Mr. Darwin, to meet and to explain it; for it seems to me to cut very deeply into the foundations of their system. If it be true that, far from the strong surviving the weak, the tendency among the strong, the well-fed, and highly-favored, is, to decay, become sterile, and die out, while the weak, the under-fed, and the sickly, are increasing at a proportionate rate, and that the fight is going on everywhere among the individuals of every race, it seems to me that the theory of natural selection, that is, of the persistence of the stronger, is false, as a general law, and true only of very limited and exceptional cases."

A new process called *heliotype*, by which photographs can be printed independently of light, and in a permanent style, is attracting attention. It may be thus briefly described: The photograph is taken on a sheet of gelatine; this sheet is fastened down upon a plate of metal, and after a little preparation, in which sponge and water play a part, can be printed from as if it were an engraved block. Ordinary printing-ink laid on with a roller is used; and the sheet is printed in an ordinary printing-press, and with a remarkable preservation of the lights and half-tones. Oil-paintings, engravings, chalk-drawings, and any thing, living or dead, that can be photographed, may, by this process, be reproduced and multiplied in a permanent form; and when a sufficient number of impressions has been taken, the sheet of gelatine can be lifted from the plate, and laid aside for future use. This is obviously

a very important addition to the resources of art: from three hundred to four hundred impressions can be taken in a day, quite independently of weather; and, if required, the picture can be printed along with type in the pages of a book.

In a thin volume on "Meteoric Theories," furnished with elaborate plates, Lieutenant Davies undertakes to prove that the rings of Saturn are composed of a great number of meteoric satellites gradually attracted toward the planet in its passage through space. That the planets beyond Saturn have similar rings, though too remote for us to discern them, he thinks likely; his theory being that the tendency to form these rings is increased by the slow travelling of the planets and their great distance from the sun, which would thus exert only a feeble force of attraction on the meteors floating along their path. He is of opinion, however, that even the earth has many minute meteoric satellites, which may now, or may hereafter, form one or more revolving rings. His volume also contains a short paper on the meteoric theory of the sun.

It is said the teeth have a higher office than that commonly assigned to them—namely, that of merely crushing or masticating the food. They are to be regarded as endowed with a tactile sense, a discriminating faculty, correspondent to that possessed by the muscles and nerves of the eye and ear. Teeth, it was remarked, have an extreme delicacy of discernment, both as to whether the objects comminuted be suitable as food, or such as will irritate the delicate lining of the oesophagus. How speedily do the teeth detect the smallest particle of cinder that has found its way into a freshly-baked biscuit, and yet both are pulverized with much the same force and sound.

Miscellany.

Natal.

AFRICA is not all sand and lions, nor do serpents and cannibals constitute the major part of its population. My surprise was great on first coming to Natal, *en route* to the diamond-country, to find it greener than even the Emerald Isle. It lies before me now, as I write, rolling wave after wave of green—every shade of green, too, not mere young corn-fields or monotonous meadows. Here the cane-brakes, there the spring-pastures; in the distance rise the coffee-bushes, and the great, broad, flapping, split-leaved bananas, so generous in their lavish growth.

Natal is the very garden of Pomona. Oranges and limes roll about in green-and-golden profusion. The finest pineapples, worth ever so much money in Covent Garden, sell here at a penny each, and there is a reduction to the greedy epicure who takes a quantity. The only true way to eat a pineapple is to take one into a quiet, shady, unobserved corner, like that selfish and contemptible individual, little Jack Horner, and then and there to scoop it out like an egg, all by yourself, not giving even your nearest relation a bit. The result is paradisaical, for the aroma is worthy of the fruit of Eden. Oranges sell at from one and sixpence to two shillings a hundred; however, residents seldom buy such things, but send empty baskets to their friends' gardens to be filled, for the friends are grateful to be relieved of their overflowing treasure. Fruit is, nevertheless, almost an essential of life in Southern Africa, for scurvy is common among the new settlers, and this disagreeable disease is best exorcised

by a liberal use of vegetables, fruit, and lemonade—the proper diet of the country. If hardy Norsemen will come to Africa, and there continue the potatoes useful, or at least harmless, in the cold, misty North, they must take the consequence, and pay the damages. Indian corn, a staple in America, and most delicious of all grain when prepared in the Indian way as hominy, is imported in large quantities into Natal, and there given as the universal food to the Kaffre laborers, also to man's humbler Darwinian kinsmen, the horses, pigs, and fowls. The cob of the young green maize, most admirable and nutritious of vegetables, is preferred to bread by the Anglo-African children. The sweet potato (something between a parsnip and a waxy potato) is much cultivated at Natal, and, being cheap and decidedly filling, it is a useful vegetable for a thrifty household.

The climate of the South of Africa is not so hot as the poets make it. It is neither liquid-fire nor quite glass-house heat. On the contrary, it is steady, bright, and sunny, and not at all too warm for Anglo-Indians, whose blood has once been up at the top of the thermometer. People at Natal like nothing under seventy-five degrees. In summer, we range between seventy degrees and eighty degrees, very rarely rising to ninety; and the mornings and evenings are so agreeably fresh and cool that we never feel the prostrating lassitude that one experiences in hot, close weather in a stivv English town. The atmosphere is always deliciously pure, and the sky deeply and intensely blue. Heaven seems farther off here than in England, and its outer court more beautiful and vast. Christmas weather is generally extremely hot. Sitting with fruit before us, we fan ourselves, and think of our dear friends in merry old England, wrapped up to the nose, and busy at their roast-beef and terrible national pudding. Patriotism apart, and coaxed immediately after a heavy national dinner, I think many a John Bull would be glad to exchange his English beef and fog for African sunshine and bananas. The African winter is delightful, not unlike a fine, warm English May—no rain to pour or drizzle, no gusts of bronchitis, no gray leaden clouds, but a cloudless, laughing sky, and the most lovely moonlight nights. Moreover, the moon is twice as large as the moon in England, and three times as bright. The African winter-day is about two hours shorter than the summer-day—that is, the sun sets in winter at five p.m., and in summer at seven o'clock. A cheerful, blazing wood-fire, on an African winter-evening, is cosy, and not to be despised, especially when one can sit over it and read long letters just arrived from England. Some of the Natal houses have no fireplaces; but this is a lamentable mistake, and sometimes drives chilly tenants to the cognac-bottle. The great rains fall in summer, and are welcomed especially by the cotton-farmers and coffee-planters, as the crops then leap up as if by magic. These rains temper the otherwise great heat, and refreshingly cool the air. My farm-bailiff in Surrey used to say that, if he superintended the weather-office, he would make all the rain fall on Sunday. Nature here, though less severe on the poor man's holiday, is quite as methodical; for it generally rains, during an African summer, two or three times a week, and generally in the evening or night, so that it interferes neither with business nor pleasure.

The soil at Natal is as rich as if it had been lying fallow since the Deluge, which, indeed, much of it has. We can get two crops a year from the same field. Potatoes put forth their night-shade (purple and yellow) blossom, fade,

and quickly develop their clean-looking tubers. Indian corn shoots up rank and cane-like, and soon the great bunchy beaded cobs ripen and turn golden. We then hoe the ground over and plant oats. These we do not allow to ripen, but cut them green, and sell them at a remunerative price as forage for horses. Pigs and poultry thrive at Natal, though the latter are subject to epidemics difficult to cure, the cause of which is as yet uncertain. Disease is also common among the Anglo-African oxen and horses. The general opinion, however, of the older settlers is, that these ailments chiefly arise from the carelessness, and recklessness, and ignorance of the lower class of settlers.

American School System.

The common-school system of the United States is, among all American institutions, the one most generally respected and approved. It differs from some other equally general and equally successful systems in the utter absence of centralization, which is one of its most remarkable characteristics. It differs from many other American institutions in the efficiency and purity of its administration, in the general absence of jobbery, and of bad appointments and unjustifiable removals prompted by motives of political party; and, while almost every other part of the political system of the country has provoked the severest comments from Americans themselves, and is considered by the best informed and most thoughtful among them as implying rather a reproach to democracy than an evidence of its successful working, no voice has ever been raised against the common schools. All Americans are justly proud of them; nearly all prove their confidence in them by the strongest of all tests—that of sending their children to receive the earlier part of their education therein. They are the objects to which every traveller's attention is invited, and on which the affection and interest of the people are unflinching and unflinching fixed. It must be remembered that, similar, if not identical, as the system is throughout the greater part of the Union, it is a matter with which the Federal Government has no concern, but which is entirely within the jurisdiction of the several States. These have adopted it at different dates, and with more or less of difficulty and opposition, until the complete success attained in those in which it was already at work had convinced the entire people, and made it a matter of course that common schools should be founded wherever a new community, State, or Territory, had acquired the control of its own local affairs, and was sufficiently settled to be able to make provision for the wants of an organized society. The system had its origin in New England, and did not find its way into the Empire State until it had been tried and proved in Connecticut and elsewhere.—*London Saturday Review.*

An Idyl of the Period.

I.

"Come right in—how are you, Fred?
Find a chair and have a light."
"Well, old boy, recovered yet
From the Mathers' jam last night?"
"Didn't dance; the German's old."
"Didn't you? I had to lead—
Awful bore—but where were you?"
"Sat it out with Mollie Meade;
Jolly little girl she is—
Said she didn't care to dance,
'D rather have a quiet chat;
Then she gave me such a glance!
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to draw off her gloves."

Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
 Talked about my wasted life,
 Said my sole salvation must
 Be a true and gentle wife.
 Then, you know, I used my eyes;
 She believed me every word,
 Almost said she loved me—Jove!
 Such a voice I never heard!
 Gave me some symbolic flower,
 Had a meaning, oh, so sweet!
 Don't know where it is, I'm sure,
 Must have dropped it on the street.
 How I spooned! and she—ha! ha!—
 Well, I know it wasn't right;
 But she did believe me so,
 That I—kissed her. Pass a light."

II.

"Mollie Meade, well, I declare!
 Who'd have thought of seeing you,
 After what occurred last night,
 Out here on the avenue?
 Oh, you awful, awful girl!
 There, don't blush; I saw it all."
 "Saw all what?" "Ahem—last night—
 At the Mathers', in the hall."
 "Oh, you horrid! where were you?
 Wasn't he an awful goose!
 Most men must be caught; but he
 Ran his neck right in the noose.
 I was almost dead to dance;
 I'd have done it if I could;
 But old Gray said I must stop,
 And I promised ma I would;
 So I looked up sweet and said
 I had rather talk with him.
 Hope he didn't see my face;
 Luckily, the lights were dim.
 Then, oh, how he squeezed my hand!
 And he looked up in my face
 With his great, big, lovely eyes.
 Really, it's a dreadful case.
 He was all in earnest, too;
 But I really thought I'd have to laugh,
 When he kissed a flower I gave,
 Looking, oh, like such a calf!
 I suppose he has it now
 In a wineglass on his shelves.
 It's a mystery to me
 Why men will deceive themselves.
 'Saw him kiss me!' Oh, you wretch!
 Well, he begged so hard for one,
 And I thought there'd no one know—
 So I let him, just for fun.
 I know it wasn't really right
 To trifle with his feelings, dear;
 But men are such conceited things,
 They need a lesson once a year."

Triumphal Entries into Berlin.

The triumphal entry on June 16th is the sixth of its kind that Berlin has witnessed in the last three centuries. The first was made by Elector Joachim II., in 1532, after a successful campaign against the "hereditary foe of Christendom." Joachim had commanded a corps of eleven hundred horsemen and four thousand foot-soldiers, and with this force had defeated a Turkish army of fifteen thousand. The second entry succeeded the conquest of Rügen by the Elector Frederick William, in 1678. To commemorate the landing on the island in three hundred and fifty small vessels—only eleven of which belonged to the government—two clumsy imitations of men-of-war were placed on either side of the *via triumphalis*. The third entry happened in 1763, when Frederick the Great had brought the Seven Years' War to a victorious conclusion, and secured the conquest of Silesia. Instead of riding at the head of the returning columns, he entered by a different gate in a plain trav-

elling-carriage, and succeeded in reaching the palace altogether unnoticed. King Frederick William III., returning from France in 1814, with Prince Blücher and the Prussian Guards, followed the modest example of his ancestor. Refusing any festive reception of himself, he offered to ride at the head of the troops as a tribute of gratitude and honor to their patriotic services. That was the first time that the procession passed along the Linden, and at the end of that fashionable street an altar was raised and a monster thanksgiving service was celebrated by the troops and the assembled populace. The fifth entry, it is needless to add, occurred not five years ago, in September, 1866, after the short but decisive campaign of Königgrätz.

The Prices of Poetry.

Successful poets, nowadays, get what are called fancy prices for their productions. Mr. Tennyson can always command his price, even for an inferior article; and some people are expressing their surprise that Mr. Browning should get one hundred pounds for his new poem, "Hervé Riel," which recently appeared in one of the magazines of the day. Some notes on the remuneration received by celebrated authors dead and gone may not be uninteresting. We all know what Milton got for his "Paradise Lost"—namely, five pounds, with five pounds for the second edition, and eight pounds afterward. Dryden, for his famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," received two hundred and fifty guineas in all—a pretty fair comparison, we think, even with modern times; while Pope, for his poem bearing the same name, and intended, although unsuccessfully, to rival Dryden's masterpiece, got only fifteen pounds. Oliver Goldsmith, for his "Vicar of Wakefield," received sixty pounds. Gray, the author of the "Beggars' Opera," made one thousand pounds by his poems; while Lord Byron—perhaps the most successful poet that ever lived—made fifteen thousand pounds by his works. For his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter Scott received from Constable six hundred pounds, and for his "Marmion" one thousand and fifty pounds. Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" realized one thousand and fifty pounds, and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" sixteen hundred guineas. Crabbe received, for his poems, three thousand pounds from Murray. The "Irish Melodies" gave Moore five hundred pounds a year. Certainly, in these latter days, really good poets have not had much reason to grumble; and perhaps, although the present is far from a poetical era, and our supply of first-rate poets is at the lowest ebb, passable poetry—even of the ordinary magazine sort—is better paid for than ever it was before.

A Typographical Error.

In the new edition of Pope's works, published by Murray, in London, the following queer misprint may be found (vol. II., p. 160):

"Behold, four kings, in majesty revered,
 With hoary whisky and a forked beard."

The lines are from "The Rape of the Lock." The compositor was evidently led to convert "whiskers" into "whisky" by the sound of "forky" in the same line. This species of alliteration is a common cause of printers' errors, especially in poetry.

Royal Smokers.

A correspondent says: "The great consolation left to the Emperor at Chiselhurst is his fragrant weed, which he smokes incessantly. When I was in Denmark I seldom saw the

king of that country without a cigar in his mouth. Almost all the other kings and princes of Europe smoke, though with more moderation. I have more than once seen the handsome Empress of Austria with a cigar in her pretty mouth. Queen Victoria does not smoke; but all her sons do, and her good husband dearly loved his weed. Few men smoke more cigars of an evening than the Prince of Wales."

Foreign Items.

THE most gigantic operatic enterprise which has ever been undertaken by a musical leader, is the project which Richard Wagner, the composer of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," is trying to carry into execution. He intends to build in the city of Baireuth, in Germany, a spacious opera-house for the sole purpose of representing there his great operatic trilogy, "The Nibelungen." The opera is divided into three parts, and it will take three days to perform them. The singers and musicians will be selected among the ablest in the large cities of Germany. They will assemble for rehearsals at Baireuth two months previous to the first representation of the trilogy. The whole expense of the enterprise is estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, which Richard Wagner proposes to raise by issuing shares of five hundred dollars each. The shareholders are entitled simply to free admission to the performances. It is believed that the various German princes will liberally assist Wagner in his undertaking, and that it will be a great success.

Fifteen women were indicted last year, in Prussia, for poisoning their husbands or other relatives. Nine were convicted, but none of them were executed. In France, in 1869, twenty-nine married women were tried on similar charges, and fourteen convicted. These fourteen were mostly sentenced to very long terms of imprisonment. In Sweden, seven women were prosecuted, in the year 1870, for murdering persons by administering poison to them; five of them were convicted and sentenced to the state-prison for life. The most atrocious case of poisoning in Russia, in the year 1869, was that of the widow of a wealthy Russian landed proprietor near Azow, who was prosecuted for having caused, by administering poison to them, the death of no less than eleven persons, mostly relatives of her husband. She was not convicted, but ordered to leave the country.

Prince Pierre Napoleon, who killed Victor Noir, may be seen daily promenading at the Bois de Boulogne, and leaning upon the arm of a man-servant. In the last twelvemonth the prince has grown very old. His hair is quite gray, and his face furrowed with wrinkles. Peculiarly, the circumstances of the prince are by no means prosperous, and it is believed that he has not even a moderate competence. The ex-Emperor Napoleon III. has refused to grant him any assistance, and will not hold any intercourse with him whatever.

Emile Ollivier has returned to France. Previous to his departure from Italy, he had an interview with the holy father, who presented him with his portrait. Since his return to Paris, Ollivier has declared that he would henceforth act again with the decided republicans. He sought an interview with Gambetta, but was refused.

It has become generally known in Italy that the disease with which King Victor Emman-

uel is affected, is dropy of the heart. The king has recently made a will, in which he leaves most of his private property to the nine children he had by his morganatic wife, the Countess Millefiori.

The two Cassagnacs, who played so conspicuous a part during the whole of the second empire, are now quietly living near Nismes, in the department du Gers. The elder, Granier de Cassagnac, was recently elected mayor of the small village of which he was a resident.

It is now considered quite certain, in Berlin, that the Grand-duke Alexis of Russia was betrothed to the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia during the recent sojourn of the imperial family of Russia at the capital of the German empire.

The two most ardent lovers of horses among the high personages of Europe are the King of Holland, who has spent millions for purchasing thorough-bred Arab horses, and the Queen of Belgium, who passes several hours daily in playing with her trained ponies.

M. Katkoff, formerly editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, and undoubtedly the ablest and most brilliant journalist Russia ever had, has become insane, and is now an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Kiev.

The hereditary archduke of Austria, Prince Rudolph, is developing a great talent as a musician. He has lately composed several sonatas for the violin, which his professors have declared worthy of being printed.

Leverrier, the French astronomer, has returned from his voluntary exile, to Paris. He intends there to build, by private subscription, an observatory, connected with an astronomical school.

Franz Liszt will soon definitely retire from active musical life to his little farm at Sirad, in Hungary, where he will pass the remainder of his days in writing an encyclopædia of music.

The Paris *Journal* estimates the losses which the Paris press sustained, during the siege and Communist insurrection, at fifteen million francs.

The leading hotel in Vienna is owned by the aged widow of the elder Johann Strauss, the "king of waltzes," as the Viennese proudly called him.

The circulation of American papers is rapidly increasing in Germany, and it is proposed to establish a German-American news-agency at Hamburg.

During the reign of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, that country had less than forty newspapers. It has now ten times as many.

The remains of King Henry IV. have been stolen from the royal crypt of St.-Denis, near Paris.

An American actor named Wolf, from St. Louis, is performing Shakespearian characters in Austria with great success.

There are upward of one thousand noble-privates in the first regiment of the Prussian Guard.

A larger number of prominent German actors and actresses will come to the United States this fall than ever before.

The splendid monument of Marshal Le-fevre, at the Péro-la-Chaise, was destroyed during the Communist insurrection.

Auber's successor as director of the Paris Conservatory will be Gounod, if the latter will accept the position.

Liebig, the German chemist, has recovered from his dangerous illness, and will spend the summer and fall in England and Norway.

Prince Napoleon's famous yacht, *La Reine Hortense*, has been sold to a Dutch banker.

No city in the world has comparatively as many theatres as Madrid.

Varieties.

TO a considerable extent the body adapts itself to the requirements of climate. Volney went so far, in saying that climate determines physiognomy, as to see in the negro a face acted upon by sunlight and heat, with overhanging eyebrows, half-closed eyelids, raised cheek, and projecting jaws; while another writer, Mr. Stanhope Smith, has, upon the same principle, made Jack Frost answerable for the short, broad, hard-featured face of the Tartar, by contracting his eyebrows and eyelids, raising his cheeks, and compelling him to keep his mouth shut as much as possible. Certain it is that the native Peruvian, living at heights of from seven to fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, becomes broad-chested by need of a large development of lung. A certain quantity of oxygen the blood requires from the air, and more room is wanted to take in a sufficient bulk of the more rarefied air.

John Van Buren was dining in Downing's saloon, having just cleared a man from some charge in the court, when the complainant in the case, angry at the lawyer who had benten him, walked up and roundly abused Prince John. "Could there be any man," said he, "so wicked, so mean, so vile, who could possibly commit a crime so foul that you wouldn't defend him for it?" "I don't know," said the prince, sucking in another oyster right from the shell; "what have you been doing?"

Hood, in his "Comic Annual for 1830," had the following from a contributor: "Sur, my wyf had a tom cat that dyd. Being a torture shell, and a great favorit, we had him berried in the guardian, and for the sake of enrichment of the sile, I had the carkiss lade under the roots of a guberry bush. The frute being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next seasons fruit after the cat was berried, the guberryes were all hairy, and more remarkabul, the catpillars of the same bush was all of the same hairy description."

The Earl of Ellenborough, now eighty-one years of age, was, when a school-boy, appointed by his father, then Chief-Justice of England, to the joint chief clerkship of the Pleas in the Court of Queen's Bench, and has ever since that time drawn annually about forty thousand dollars in salary and fees without performing any of the duties of the office. The noble earl clings to this little sinecure with the tenacity of a Tite Barnacle.

It is announced, on excellent authority, that more than half a million pounds of willow-leaf were made up at Shanghai last season, and palmed off as green tea. The willow-leaf, as prepared, cannot be distinguished from green tea by the eye; but, to cover the difference in taste, it has to be mixed with tea before being sold. It can be produced at a cost of about four cents a pound, and can be used in the proportion of twenty to forty per cent. of the whole mixture.

A London paper says that a London fashionable swell wears a glass in one eye, a flower in his button-hole, lounges in the Row, ogles the women, dresses extravagantly, bets himself into bankruptcy at the Derby, swindles his tailor, and then retires into the army or church if he can find a rich relation to buy him a "commission" or a "living."

King Louis of Bavaria, intending to give the most perfect representation of Shakespeare's plays ever attempted, convokes to Munich, for the month of January, 1872, all the

great actors of the works of the mighty drama fiat, without reference to language or country.

"Don't a Quaker never take his hat off to any one, mamma?" "No, my dear." "If he don't take off his hat to the barber, ma, how does he get his hair cut?"

A man who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

The lady who wrote to the ex-Empress Eugénie, inviting her to come to the United States and lecture, is disgusted at not being favored with an answer.

A man, in an ecstatic mood, exclaimed: "Woman is the *primeval* cause of all happiness!" when a by-stander remarked: "No doubt, for she is the *prime evil* herself."

It is said that the wind blows with such force in Colorado that, when a man loses his hat, he has to telegraph to the next station for some one to stop it.

A sign on an eating-house on the New-Jersey Railroad says: "Coffee and eggs fresh laid by Mary Jones."

Diamonds are increasing in value, and pearls diminishing.

The Museum.

THE weapon which is to the Esquimaux what the rifle is to the backwoodsman, the boomerang to the Australian, the sword to the Agageer, the lasso to the South American, and the sumpitan to the Dyak, is the harpoon, a weapon which undergoes various modifications, according to the use to which it is put, but is essentially the same in principle throughout. The harpoon consists of a long wooden shaft, with a float attached to it. Owing to the great scarcity of wood in Esquimaux-land, the greater part being obtained from the casual driftwood that floats ashore from wrecks, such a weapon is exceedingly valuable. The shaft is generally made of a number of pieces of wood lashed together in a most ingenious fashion. The barbed head is but loosely fitted to the shaft, a hole in the base of the head receiving a point at the end of the shaft. It is held in its place by leathern thongs, so arranged that, as soon as the wounded animal darts away, the shaft is shaken from the head. The arrangement of the leathern thongs varies according to the kind of weapon. The head of the harpoon used for spearing the walrus is about nine inches in length, and is made of ivory, either that of the walrus or the narwhal, probably the former, as it partakes of the curve of the walrus-tooth. It consists of two pieces, which we will call, for convenience' sake, the body and the head. The upper part of the body is slightly pointed and rounded, and is meant to be fixed to the shaft of the harpoon. About an inch and a half from the end two holes are bored, through which is passed a double thong of leather about as thick as a goose-quill. Next comes the head, which is a triangular and deeply-barbed piece of ivory, armed with a thin, flat plate of iron. Through this head is bored a hole, and through the hole passes the loop of the double thong already mentioned. At the butt of the head there is a hole, into which is fitted the conical termination of the body.

The line attached to the shaft of this harpoon is very long and of great strength. It is made of seal-skin. When the hunter goes out to catch walrus, it is coiled round and round his neck in many folds, very slightly tied together so as to prevent the successive coils from being entangled with one another. When

the hunter launches his harpoon with the right hand, he with the left hand simultaneously jerks the coils of rope off his neck, and throws them after the harpoon. The jerk snaps the slight ligatures, and the animal is "played" like a salmon by an angler, until it is utterly wearied with pain, loss of blood, and its struggles to escape, and can be brought near enough to receive the fatal wound from a spear. Casting off the rope in exact time is a most important business, as several hunters who have failed to do so have been caught in the coils of the rope, dragged under the ice, and there drowned. On the end of the harpoon-line is worked a loop, and, as soon as the weapon is hurled, the hunter drives a spear deeply into the ice, slips the loop over it, and allows the walrus to struggle against the elastic rope until it is quite tired. He then hauls up the line until he has brought the animal to the ice, snatches up his spear, and with it inflicts a mortal wound.

One mode of em-



Spearing the Walrus

playing this harpoon against the walrus is singularly ingenious. When the Esquimaux hunters see a number of the animals sleeping on a sheet of ice, they look out for an ice-fragment small enough to be moved, and yet large enough to support several men. Paddling to the ice, they lift their canoes upon it, bore holes in it, and make their harpoon-lines fast to the holes. They then gently paddle the whole piece of ice, men, canoes, and all, to the spot where are lying the drowsy animals, who do not suspect any danger from a piece of ice floating by. Having made their selection, the hunters tell off two men to each walrus, and, at a given signal, all the harpoons are hurled. The whole herd instantly roll themselves into the sea, the wounded animals being attached to the piece of ice by the harpoon-lines. The hunters allow them to tow their ice-raft about until they are exhausted, when they launch their canoes, and kill the animals with their spears.

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